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THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS. — THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH AND ORANGE FANATICISM

WANTED

A CELTIC RENAISANCE FOR THE PERPETUATION OF THE FRENCH AND GAELIC LANGUAGES, CELTIC LITERATURE AND CULTURE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

— By —

NORMAN MURRAY

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THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS AND THE ANGLO SAXON MYTH AND ORANGE FANATICISM

INTRODUCTION

For over fourteen hundred years, since the Romans left Britain to take care of itself and the German tribes commonly called Angles and Saxons got a foothold in the Island of Britain there never has been a single day"s peace between themselves and the natives of the British Isles. The Angles and Saxons started the wrong way in a new country among strangers and they have continued persistently in the wrong way in dealing with the original natives ever since. The Romans and Normans were wiser and more diplomatic in their dealings with the natives than the German tribes mentioned.

After a stay of over five hundred years in Britain when the Romans left, the British people spoke the same language and continued the same local customs as they had before the Romans came five hundred years before. When the Romans finally departed the natives with much regret bid them farewell. But after a stay of over fourteen hundred hundred years, surrounded by what they contemptuously call the " Celtic Fringe ", the Germanic elements of the British peoples are still in many instances as hostile and contemptuous of the other races as when they first got acquainted with each other over fourteen hundred years ago and there is more and more evidence forthcoming every year that the love of other races for them has not increased, in the least during all these long years.

The Normans who subdued the Germanic elements in South Britain some five hundred years after their arrival there, followed the Roman instead of the Germanic policy in dealing with the natives both in France and the British Isles. Instead of everlastingly tormenting the natives to learn their language, they learned the language of the natives wherever they got a foothold, as in France and the British Isles. In the Hebrides or Western Isles of Scotland, they learned the Gaelic language and assimilated with the natives, and in South Britain, they learned the Saxon dialect of the German language, which by degrees came to be called English instead

of German. By degrees also, some changes were made in this dialect of the German language spoken in South Britain, by the addition of many French, Latin and Greek words. Why the German element of the British people, who often devote considerable time and study to the learning of Latin and Greek and other languages, still contemptuously refuse to make any effort to learn the language of the natives in Wales, Ireland, Scotland and Canada, is a riddle hard to solve. The same problem continues in Canada where a large element of the population speak French and many still speak Gaelic. While all the other elements of the population, both in the British Iles and in Canada, generally learn the English dialect, of the German language very little effort is ever made by the Germanic element of our population to learn either Gaelic or French, either in the British Isles or in Canada. No more foolish cry could be taken up by any people claiming foolishly to be the main push in the British Empire than the " One School and Language " cry. Whether it is that this Germanic element is either too stupid or too proud to learn either Gaelic or French is hard to make out. Perhaps it is a little of both. Instead of the foolish cry " One School and One Language ", which we hear so often, a wiser motto would appear to be : " The more languages a man speaks the more times he is a man. "

A great Empire cannot be held together in amity and good will by the policy of one element of the people of the empire trying to force their language or religion on the other elements of the people of the empire. The best religion and the best language, is that which suits each individual best. There never was a religion or a language which suited the whole human race and there is no likelyhood that there will ever be such a religion or such a language. If some people we know would devote half the time and energy they devote to agitation to make other people learn their language, to the learning of the other people's language, it would be much more profitable in the end to themselves and more pleasant and agreeable to their neighbours. The present state of Ireland shows that learning English does not solve the problem of settling the old racial feuds between the Celtic and Germanic elements of that unfortunate country, any more than when most of the people of that country spoke Gaelic only.

The study of the connection between climate, latitude, altitude and proximity to the sea and human physical and mental development, has not yet been sufficiently studied to enable us to account fully for the difference between the different types of men in different countries. Whatever may be the causes, the great difference between the different peoples of different countries is quite plain to

any one with an observative turn of mind who has travelled through different countries. The original type of any particular race is a strong factor in the race, even after he changes from one country to another.

The Jew of to-day is very much the same kind of Jew in character as he was in Egypt nearly four thousand years ago ; the Celt and the German have still very much the same characteristice as described by Caesar and Tacitus, nearly two thousand years ago. The Celtic race was an ancient and powerful race, much more ancient than the Greeks and Romans, not to speak of the Germans, who have only been late comers into history. They are said to have been the first to discover the art of melting iron and making it into useful instruments. The druidical circles found in Britain and Gaul are as strong evidences of the antiquity and civilization of the anccient Celts as the Pyramids of Egypt are of Egyptian civilization. The German tribes described by Caesar and Tacitus were evidently some tribes living near Gaul and the Sea. The arrival of the Huns into Europe evidently did not improve the morals of the Germanic peoples with whom they mixed afterwards. The rule of might is right, more than the Golden Rule, has always been followed by the Germanic tribes wherever they went, either in the British' Isles or elsewhere.

Our investigations at present, however, will deal more particularly with the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon branches of them and their conduct towards the natives of these Islands. From the difference between the Welsh and Scotch and Irish, Gaelic, there seems to have been some difference between the Celtic peoples of South Britain and the Caledonians of Scotland and the Scots of Ireland.

History is not very clear as to whether the Picts that originally settled in Scotland were pure Celts or a mixture of Celts and Norsemen. It is quite evident, however, from what we learn from Ossian and other ancient authorities, that there were more or less close relationship between the natives of the north of Scotland and the Norsemen from very early times.

The Roman policy was a policy of reconcilation and friendship with native races. The German policy, on the ther had, was extermination or expulsion of other racecs wherever they went. When the South Britons quarrelled with the Caledonians, after the departure of the Romans, the South Britons foolishly hired some German bands to help them against the Caledonians. Celtic peoples made many mistakes during their long history and this was about as great a mistake as they ever made. Instead of retiring back to where they came from, after the war was over, these German auxiliaries decided to stay in Britain and take possession of part of

the country for themselves. George Buchanan, the famous Scottish historian, says that German hired auxiliaries, sent an invitation to the British chiefs to meet them in conference, and that the Germans commonly called Angles and Saxons treacherously murdered the British chiefs and that this put the South Britons into such a panic and confusion as enabled their false auxiliaries to get a strong foothold in the country, from which it was impossible for the Britons to expel them on account of the division among themselves. It would be hard to say now what percentage of the blood of these treacherous auxiliaries still remain in the British people. It is still harder to find out to what extent they assimilated with the natives or more properly speaking what percentage of the natives assimilated with them, for assimilation was not a very strong point with the Angles and Saxons of these days, any more than it is with their descendants now. Many people of other tribes and races made their homes in Britain, since these early days. The Danes came in probably much larger numbers than the original Angles and Saxons that came with Horsa, in the beginnnig of the sixth century.

Then of course, the invasion of William the Conqueror with his Normans, in the eleventh century, put an end forever to Anglo-Saxon supremacy in reality, so that Anglo-Saxon supremacy is in reality only a myth.

Unfortunately, racial tradition and superstition die hard and through constant and persistent repetition of this myth, many people who have not a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, for what reason no one knows, take pride in calling thtmselves Anglo-Saxons.

The unfortunate thing about the Norman conquest of South Britain, was that they did not conquer the whole of the British Isles when they were at it. As many of the native Saxons moved across the border into Scotland, they involved that country in long and disastrious wars with their Southern neighbours which continued till the union of the two countries under one government, which should have been done long before.

My object, however, in writing this article is to show the absurdity of this " Anglo-Saxon Myth ", of which we hear so often in speeches, books and newspaper articles. According to these hot air artists, not only the British Empire, but also the United States of America owe whatever supremacy they may now claim in modern civilization to this mythical Anglo-Saxon element.

Now, I am an out and out British Imperialist. To the Englishman, as well as the Frenchman, I am willing to extend the right hand of fellowship as a partner with other races, in keeping up the

honour of this great Empire that our forefathers handed down to us, but with many others, I resent the perpetual reiteration of this Anglo-Saxon myth, as if it were a veritable historical fact which it is not now, nor ever was.

My object, as I said before, is to help to remove a useless, worthless stumbling block and an unnecessary cause of offence to peoples of other races, who have done as much or more in the past, and are doing it now, as either ancient or modern Anglo-Saxons. In the first place, the original Anglo-Saxons brought no civilization with them when they first came to the British Isles.

The Greeks, Romans and Celts had an old civilization before these barbarous Germanic tribes were ever heard of outside of their own back woods, in Central Europe. The literature and culture of the Celtic races, in which they were instructed by the Druids, were committed to memory by the bards and sennachies.

Whatever may be said for or against the civilizing influence of Christianity, it is a well known fact that the Anglo-Saxons had not accepted it, either before or until sometime after they came to South Britain. Whether the South Britons were either helped or hindered in their struggles with the Anglo-Saxon Germanic tribes by their Christian principles, is hard to tell now.

As to the comparative utility, usefulness or beauty of Gaelic, French or the modern English dialect of the German language, those who know only one language are not the proper judges. Those one language fiends are very much like the monkey in the fable who lost his tail and advised the other monkeys to do the same so as to be like himself. Some of us who know something of the Gaelic and French language, as well as English,, cannot see any valid ground or reason for this foolish agitation for one language, more than the probability that as they are either too stupid or too bigoted and proud to learn any language but one, they wish others to do like the monkey without a tail, already mentioned. Any one with a knowledge of other languages besides English, who ever took the trouble to watch such people at meetings where any language but their own was spoken, could not help remarking the disdain and mockery of these ignorant people, who take pride in claiming Anglo-Saxon Germanic Ancestry. It would be very difficult for those people to prove what race they really belong to, more than the inference that as they spoke only one language, they must therefore be Anglo-Saxons, which would imply that the Anglo-Saxons are the most ignorant part of the population of the British Empire. Not only that, but they wish to make us all Englishmen. They are ridiculously generous in this respect. They are quite willing to include people of various races and languages in what

they stupidly call the English speaking race. The King of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales and the British Dominions beyond the seas, according to many of their writers, is only King of England, and the English people, though even England proper, now occupies only five-twelths of the area of the British Isles.

Now let us examine this ridiculous and foolish boast more closely. Is the tiger more useful than a cow, because he can kill and eat a cow ? Is a pirate, a highway robber or a pick-pocket superior to one who engages in honest commerce ? Is it anything to boast of that a hired band of German fighting men generally known as Angles and Saxons after helping the South Britons to drive back the Caledonians, afterwards turned round and treacherously murdered their allies and took possession of their lands and changed the name of the lands the got by fraud to the name of the place they came from on the continent of Europe. The agitation now carried on in some parts of Canada, against the use of the French language in schools, and other places in recent years, is a disgrace to modern civilization and the Orangemen's twelfth of July celebration is no less disgraceful. People whose Anglo-Saxon ancestors left such a bad record behind them, should be more modest than they are.

In the opinion of many people now, this foolish 12th of July celebration should be dealt with by an act of parliament. This annual glorification, adoration and worship of a Dutchman who helped to disposses his father-in-law of his claims, is becoming tiresome and often a mischevious disturbance of the peace, for no practical purpose whatsoever.

When halls are so plentiful, it is time that public places should be reserved for the public who pay for them, instead of being allowed freely to be used by Orangemen, or any one else with axes to grind. The absurdity of this foolish celebration will appear quite evident to any one who impartially studies the question carefully in the light of modern history.

In the first place, whatever may be said for or against the different policies or affiliations of either William of Orange or his father-in-law, King James, the plain fact of history is, that the issue between the Stewart Kings and the Revolutionists was not finally settled at the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, in 1690, but at the battle of Culloden, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the spring of 1746, — 56 years afterwards.

There were hundreds of other battles fought in the British Isles, over the vexed questions of religion and politics, much more important than this battle, and no one celebrates them with speeches and brass bands and coloured ribbons. There is now no

place for the supremacy of one form of religious observance over another, in such an Empire as the British Empire of to-day. Our Empire can only be held together by liberty for every one to practise the religion and speak the language that suits them best.

The amount of civil political and religious liberty we now fortunately enjoy did not come until a long time after William of Orange was dead and buried.

The massacre of Glencoe, in the Highlands of Scotland, left a black stain on the memory of William of Orange, that neither soap nor water, nor any other kind of white wash can wash out.

Now let us come down to our own times, in our own country of Canada. People are at last getting tired f the everlasting feud carried on by the Orangemen and other religious fanatics, in other provinces and the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec. The average French speaking Canadian in Quebec and other parts of Canada is just as happy, moral and as good a neighbour as the bigoted Orangeman and others of his type in Ontario, or any other province of the Dominion.

The French and Gaelic languages are older than the modern dialect of German language commonly called English and quite as beautiful, and expressive to those who understand them, and instead of trying to suppress them, they ought to be more and more appreciated as people advance in culture.

The French Canadians deserve great credit for their perseverance and devotion to their beautiful ancient tongue, in spite of the ravings of ignorant and foolish fanatics in other provinces. Many of us who believe in keeping alive the Gaelic language could wish that our people in this country and other places were as devoted to the preservation of their own mother tongue as the French speaking Canadians are. The original people of Gaul, now modern France, and the ancient people of the British Isles, originally belonged to the same race and spoke the same language, so there is still more affinity between these language than many peoples are aware of.

Some fifty years ago, the same kind of cant that we hear so much about in Canada and other placee about Anglo-Saxon superiority was quite common in the United States of America and we occasionnally bear the same claptrap yet, but not to the same extent. Dr. Mathews, a well known public lecturer, made it the subject of one of his popular lectures. Let me quote a paragraph or two from his popular lecture on the subject :— " My children ", Dr. Johnson used to say to his freinds, " deliver yourselves from cant." Every age has its cant, which in some form of the thing is the prevailing rage. That of our own time is that of Anglo-Saxon glorification. Not a day passes, but we read in print or hear from the

platform, the eternal hackneyed boasting about our manifest destiny, the same wearisome ding-dong about the Anglo-Saxon energy and the rapidity with which the race is belting the globe and supplanting the laws, manners and customs of every other people. This cant has been echoed and re-echoed in newspaper articles, stump speeches ,Congressional harangues, and even in works of ethnology, till it has become a nuisance. We are as sick of it as ever Dr. Johnson was of the everlasting. " Second Punic War. " " Who will deliver me from the Greeks and Romans ?" cried in agony the classsic ridden Frenchman. " Who will deliver us from the Anglo-Saxon ?" despairingly cry we.

Over two hundred years ago, Daniel Defoe wrote a scathing satire called " The true born Englishman ", showing the absurdity of people who have come through the " Melting Pot " of a variety of races baostnig of racial purity. How we came to be infected by the AngloSaxon mania it would be hard to tell. Even in England, it is ridiculous enough, but there it is begining to be laughed at by men of sense, who perceive the absurdity of Englishmen claiming to be Anglo-Saxon when there is no such race in existance and never was. Those who echo this boast should read Defoe's " True born Englishman in which at a time when it was customary to denounce King William " a foreigner ", the author was at pains to instruct his countrymen how many mongrel races had had conspired to form tha vain, ill natured thing called an Englishman and showed in limping verse but unanswerable logic that —

" A true born Englishman's a contradiction —
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction ;
A metaphor invented to express,
A man *akin* to all the universe. "

WILLIAM OF ORANGE

Owing to the strange connection of the name of William of Orange with the racial, religions and political feuds in Ireland and Canada at this late day a short biographical sketch will be in order. He was born at the Hague, in Holland, in 1650, and died without issue, in London,, England, in 1702, in his fifty-second year of age. He reigned in Great Britain for fourteen years, from 1688 to his death. His mother was Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles First, King of Great Britain and Ireland. He married his cousin, Mary, daughter of James the Second of Great Britain and Ireland, and whom he supplanted and took his place on the throne. He spoke English, German and French besides his native Dutch language.

He landed in England, in November 1688, with a Dutch army of 14,000 men and was placed on the throne without striking a blow.

His father-in-law King James absconded, on the 11th of December, so William and Mary, his wife, succeeded without any trouble to the abandoned throne. All this had been accomplished quietly nineteen months before the side-show commonly called the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, took place. The final struggle between the supporters of the Stuart cause and the Revolutionists took place in 1745-6, in the reign of George the Second. It was settled at the Battle of Culloden,, in the Highlands of Scotland, in April 1746, when the Duke of Cumberland, commonly called Bloody Cumberland defeated Prince Charles Stuart, who was a fugitive for several months, in the Highlands of Scotland, before he managed to get safely to France. Though a heavy reward of several thousand pouds was offered for his capture, dead or alive, no one would take the reward, even among the party who fought against him. Though the Highlands of Scotland were at the time divided in their allegiance, half for and half against the Stuarts, and though the people of the Highlands to-day are almost solid in the belief that it was a good thing that the Stuart cause was lost, no one ever hinks of celebrating their defeat with brass bands and tin whistles either in England or Scotland. Only people who imbibe the spirit of hate from Ulster, in Ireland, make themselves ridiculous in this fashion.

Some things happened in Scotland during the brief reign of William of Orange, that are not very glorious and which some people would like us to forget. I am not going to follow the example of the worshippers of William, by throwing mud on their idol, as they do on those who differ from them in the matter of race, language or religion,,, or blame him for all the deplorable things that happened during his brief reign. I will simply quote the Encyclopaedia Britannica's account of the Orange Order and what it is supposed to represent ad also a short account from reliable authority of the Massacre of Glencoe, in the Highlands of Scotland, in Feb. 1692, in the fourth year of William's reign, and two years after the now famous side-show, ,at the Boyne, in Ireland, where William, with well trained Dutch troops, defeated his father-in-law's untrained Irish followers which is now the subject of much rejoicing by people whose ancestors had little to say in the matter. I will also copy a short sketch from Macaulay's history of that period, when something happened in Edinburgh, sometimes called the modern Athens, almost as black as the massacre of Glencoe, five years before the hanging of the boy Thos. Aikenhead.

ORANGEISM

Orangemen, an association of Irish Protestants, originating and chiefly flourishing in Ulster, but with ramifications in other parts of the United Kingdom and in the British colonies. Orangemen derive their name from William Third, but neglect the example of that tolerant prince. They are enrolled in lodges and it is said that the initiated can always recognise each other. Much may be learned from their toasts about which there is no concealment. The commonest form is, — " the glorious,, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery,, slavery, knavery, brass money and wooden shoes ", with grotesque or truculant additions, according to the orator's taste. The brass money refers to James II's finance, and the wooden shoes to his French allies. The final words are often " a fig for the bishop of Cork ", in allusion to Dr. Peter Brown, who, in 1715, wrote cogently against the practise of toasting the dead. Orangemen are fond of beating drums and flaunting flags with the legend " no surrender ", in allusion to Londonderry. Orangism is essentially political. Its original object was the maintenance of Protestant ascendency and too much of that spirit still survives. By public anniversaries painful to their neighbours, by repeating irritating watch words, Orangemen have done much to influence sectarian animosity ; if their celebrations were private, little could be said against them. The first regular lodges were founded in 1795, but the system existed earlier. The Brunswick clubs, founded to oppose Catholic emancipation were springs from the original Orangetree. The orange flowers are worn in Ulster on the 1st and 12th of July, the anniversaries of the Boyne and Aughrim. Another great day is the 5th of November, when William landed in Torbaylin,, England, with 14,000 Dutch soldiers, to pull his father-in-law down from the throne of his forefathers. (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 9th ed.)

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

The principal circumstances of this famous tragedy are briefly as follows. The state of the Highlands, in the year which followed the parliamentary session of 1690,, was such as to give the government much anxiety. The civil war which had recently been flaming there continued still to smoulder, and at length it was determined, at court, to employ £12,000 or £15,000 inquieting and reconciling the refractory clans. The Edinburgh authorities issued a proclamation exhorting the clans to submit to William and Mary and offering pardon to every rebel who would swear, on or before

December 31st, 1691, to live peaceably under the government of their majesties, and threatening all who refused to do so to be treated as enemies and traitors. All the chiefs submitted before the 31st of December, except MacIan, ,the chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, whose submission from unforseen causes was delayed till the 6th of January. The magistrate to whom he took the oath of allegiance transmitted a certificate to the council, at Edinburgh, explaining the circumstances of the case. The certificate was never laid before the council, but was suppressed by an intrigue, directed, it is supposed, by the Master of Stair (sir John Dalrymple, afterwards second Viscount and Earl of Stair), on whom, undoubtedly, rests the chief blame for this odious transaction. The enemies of MacIan now hurried on their plans for his destruction. The Master of Stair obtained the King's signature to an order directed to the commander of the forces in Scotland, and which runs thus :— " As for MacIan of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves. "

Accordingly, on the 1st of February, 120 soldiers, most of them Campbells, who had a personal spite against the Macdonalds, — led by a Captain Campbell and a Lieutenant Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. They had been warned by Stair to do nothing by " halves, and they were exhorted to be secret and sudden " ; and they obeyed their instructions. Arrived in the Glen, they told the Glencoemen they came as friends, and only wanted quarters. For twelve days, the soldiers lived in the glen. Captain Campbell or Glenlyon,, ,as he was called from the name of his estate, while visiting daily at the chief's house, employed himself in observing carefully what avenues and passes there were by means of which the Macdonalds might escape and reporting the result of his observations to Lieut. Col. Hamilton, who was approaching with troops to secure the passes. The morning of the 13th of Feb. was fixed for the slaughter and on the night of the 12th, Glenlyon was supping and playing cards with those whom he meant to assasinate before dawn. At five in the morning, the murderous work began. When the day dawned, 38 corpses, among whom were several women, and more dreadful still, the hand of an infant that had been struck off in the murderous tumult, were lying in or around the village in their blood. But the massacre comprehended only a small portion of the tribe, for Hamilton had not come up in time, the passes were open and 150 men, and probably as many women, escaped, but only in many cases to perish from cold and hunger, among the snows, in the high mountain gorges. When Hamilton did arrive, he was disappointed in finding the work so imperfectly done and seizing an old Highlander, whom being above seventy, the other butchers

had agreed to let live murdered him in cold blood. The huts of the village were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving with them the flocks and herds of the glen.

The question as to the share of guilt of this transaction by King William has been discussed with no little warmth on both sides. Lord Macaulay pleads, in vindication of the King's conduct, that the certificate delaying the submission of MacIan had been supressed ; that he knew the Macdonalds only as a rebellious clan, who had rejected his conciliatory offers ; and that in signing the orde. for their extirpation, he certainly never intended them to be murdered in their sleep, but merely that their organization as a predatory gang should be broken up. The scene of the massacre is visited annually by the tourists. (Chambers' Encyclopaedia.)

PERSECUTION OF WITCHES AND HERETICS

In the above abstract, taken from an authority not very likely to be disputed, is shown what was understood by William of so-called glorious, pious and immortal memory and advisers as political liberty in Scotland, which boasts of being ahead of England and Ireland. Now let us have a short glance at the kind of religious liberty people had after getting free from the power of the Church of Rome. The famous Lord Macaulay, in his popular history, which strange to say, he calls " The History of England ", while like Buckle's History of Civization in England, it is mostly devoted to Scotland, gives an interesting account, in the 22nd chapter,, on the state of religious liberty while he is describing the foundation of the parish system of schools whch has done so much to enable Scotcmen for generations to push ahead in various parts of the world.

" In the very month in which the Act for the settling of schools was touched with the sceptre, the rulers of the church and state in Scotland began to carry on with vigour two persecutions worthy of the 10th century, a persecution of witches and a persecution of heretics (or infidels). A crowd of wretches, guilty only of being old and wretched or miserable, were accused of trafficking with the devil. The Privy Council was not ashamed to issue a commission for the tral of 22 of these poor creotures. The shops of the booksellers of Edinburgh were strictly searched fr heretical works. Impious books among whom the sages of the Presbytery of Edinburgh ranked Thos. Burnett"s sacred theory of the earth, were strictly suppressed. But the destruction of mere paper and sheepskin could not satisfy the bigots. Their hatred required victims who could feel, and was not appeased till they had perpetrated a crime such as has *never since polluted the Island of Britain.*

A student of 18, named Thos. Aikenhead, whose habits were studious and whose morals were irreproachable, had in the course of his reading, met with some of the ordinary criticism of the Bible. He fancied he had lighted on a mine of wisdom which had been hidden from the rest of mankind, and, with the conceit from which half educated lads are seldom free, proclaimed his discoveries to four or five of his companions. Trinity in unity, he said, was as much a contradiction as a square circle. Ezra was the author of the Pentateuch. The Apocalypse was an allegorical book about the philosopher's stone. Moses had learned magic in Egypt. Christianity was a delusion and would not last till the year 1800. For this wild talk, of which in all probability, he would himself have been ashamed, long before he was five and twenty, he was prosecuted by the Lord Advocate. Aikenhead might undoubtedly have been tried by thelaw of Scotland, punished with imprisonment till he would retract his errors and do penance before the congregation of his parish ; and every man of sense and humanity would have thought this a sufficient punishment for the prate of a forward boy, but Stewart (the prosecuting Lord Advocate), as cruel as he was, base called for blood.

The Lord Advocate exerted all his subtility. The poor youth, at the bar, had no counsel. He was altogether unable to do justice to his own cause. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged at the foot of the gallows. It was in vain that he with tears abjured his errors and begged piteously for mercy. He petioned the Privy Council that, if his life could not be spared, he migght be allowed a short respite to make his peace with God. It remained to be seen how the ((Presbyterian) clergy of Edinburgh would act. That divines should be deaf to the entreaties of a penitent who asks, not for pardon, but for a little more time to receive their instructions and to pray to heaven for the mercy which cannot be extended to him on earth, seems almost incredible. Yet so it was. The (Presbyterian) ministers, not only demanded the poor boy's death, but his speedy death, though it should be his eternal death. Even from their pulpits they cried out for cutting him off.

Aikenhead was hanged between Edinburgh and Leith (Jan. 9th, 1692.) The preachers, who were the boy's murderers, crowded round him at the gallows, and while he was struggling in the last agony, insulted heaven with prayers more blasphemous than anything that he had uttered. Wodrow has told no blacker story of Dundee. All this happened in the ninth year of the reign of the glorious and immortal William of Orange. The Covenanters had gained the upper hand over the Catholic Church of Rome, and the Episcopal Church of England and this *Reign of Terror* was the im-

mediate result. *No ! the so called Reformation of Luther, Calvin, Knox* and the *Blue Beard Henry VIII* was not a forward but a *Reactionary* Movement.

Norman MURRAY,
233, St. James St.

September 2nd, 1919.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTEMPT

To the Editor of *The Gazette* :—

Sir. — In reading Mr. Phalen's excellent articles, it occurred to me that he should enlarge his field of observation, in which case he would find, as I did, the same spirit of contempt for other people as well as the French-Canadians exhibited in many other places as well as Canada by the same type of people. What exasperates French--Canadians in Canada and the Celtic natives of Ireland most is the idea that their case is peculiar. The same hostile attitude of contempt and disdain is exhibited by the same type of people everywhere — towards the Welsh south of the Tweed, to the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders of Scotland, to the Celtic people of Ireland and to the FrenchCanadians of Canada. It is the spirit of ignorance of a very common type of humanity. Such peaple know absolutely nothnig of the spirit of chivalry. When French-Canadians take a philosophical view of the situation and understand the psychological condition of that type of mind, it will make quite a lot of difference. It is simply a type of contagious insanity.

Some years ago, a book was written which caused considerable excitement, called "' The Unspeakable Scott. " The author considered himself an Anglo-Saxon and the subjects of his particular satire, the Lowland Scotch, were as Anglo-Saxon as himself, or much more so.

In South Britain, they had a song : " Tabby was a Welshman, Tabby was a Thief " ; in Ireland it is Paddy and his pig, and Croppy lie down. In Scotland, it is Donald the sheep stealer, and in Canada, it is " Jean Baptiste, the Pea Soup ". So really French-Canadians have little to complain of in comparaison to the rest of us. When French-Canadians, as I said before, realize that quite a lot of other people had to put up with the same sort of thing much longer than they had they will learn to ignore it more than they do at present and give such ignorant boorish people a fool's pardon.

Norman MURRAY.

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION

To the Editor of *The Gazette.*

Sir. — In Mr. Phalen's excellent article on " The Causes of Disunion ", he makes a slight mistake in reference to the Gaelic language in the Highlands of Scotland. I know of no coercion for the suppression of the Gaelic language. There have been schools established in the Highlands where the reading lessons have all been in Gaelic. Gaelic is still preached in some churches in Glasgow and Edinburgh. The chief cause of the misunderstanding about Gaelic and French is the foolish idea that these languages are of no ues. Nothing is more likely to exasperate a Gaelic speaking Highlander that to notice a Lowlander laugh at a Gaelic song and then expect the Highlander to get enthusiastic about broad Scotch, which is really old English — in other words a German dialect.No more foolish cry can be taken up than the one school one language theory. Our Quebec system is much better than the Ontario system. Instead of one school and one language, a much better idea is " the more languages a man speaks the more timt he is a man. " No person can be considered educated, who can speak only one language. Gaelic, French, Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, etc., have close affinity to each other, as English, German, Dutch and Norwegian languages have with each other. The rub comes in when some people who can speak only one language and that often imperfectly, wish other people to speak only onle language and that their language. Unfortunately, some people that ought to know bettter are getting ashamed of the Gaelic language, instead of teaching it to their children as they ought to do.

Norman MURRAY.

NOTICE

Part 2 will contain further illustrations of Orange folly and fanaticism, the Protestant Reign of Terror in Scotland copied from Buskle, The Daughter persecutes the Mother.

(PART 2. — Price 10c. or 5 penny stamps Postpaid.)

THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS AND ORANGE AND OTHER FANATICAL MARPLOTS AND AGENTS PROVOCATIVE.

— By —

NORMAN MURRAY

———— o ————

A SECRET. — MORE PROTESTANT FANATICISM.— THE DAUGHTER PERSECUTES THE MOTHER.—BUCKLE ON PRESBYTERIAN FANATICISM IN SCOTLAND. WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND GENERAL GINKLE, THE BOYNE AND LIMERICK, &c., &c.

———— o ————

NORMAN MURRAY,
233, ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, QUE.
1919.

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REVIEWS.

"The Celtic Tragedy", par Norman Murray. — M. Norman Murray, auteur de plusieurs lettres parues dans les journaux anglais de cette ville, commence une campagne, par voie de pamphlets, en faveur d'une renaissance celtique et de la survivance des langues franXaise et gaëlique, ainsi que de la littérature et de la culture celtiques dans l'empire britannique.

Le premier pamphlet que nous avons en mains est un vigoureux plaidoyer pour la liberté des peuples et une verte critique de l'intolérance des orangistes. M. Murray y prend la défense des intérêts canadiens-français et se pose en champion contre la campagne de d'ignorance que mènent les orangistes au pays.

En remerciant M. Murray de sa vigoureuse défense, nous lui souhaitons tout le succès dû à sa franchise et son franc-parler.

(*La Presse,* Montreal, Nov. 8th, 1919.)

"La Presse" is the great French Canadian newspaper. Some years ago there was a dispute as to which newspaper had the largest circulation in Canada. Special auditors found that "La Presse" had the largest circulation of any Canadian newspapers. I presume the same holds true yet.

THE CELTIC TRAGEDY.

M. Norman Murray, le lutteur et le publiciste bien connu de Montréal, vient de publier une brochure de 16 pages qui porte le titre ci-haut. Il fait brièvement le résumé de l'histoire des peuples qui ont successivement habité la Grande-Bretagne, parle de leurs langues et dialectes et des efforts infructueux qui ont été faits pour établir une seule école et une seule langue.

Guillaume d'Orange, l'orangisme, le massacre de Glencoe et la persécution des sorcières et des hérétiques forment autant de chapitres de ce petit opuscule. L'auteur complimente les Canadiens-français et loue leur attachement à leur langue. Au lieu de circonscrire l'usage fu français dans l'Ontario et ailleurs en le bannissant de l'école primaire, les Anglo-Saxons seraient mieux inspirés s'ils apprenaient la langue des minorités dans l'Empire comme le gaélique et le français.

La première livraison de cet ouvrage se vend 10 sous chez l'auteur, Norman Murray, 233, rue St-Jacques, Montréal.

L'Aurore, Nov. 14th, 1919, 23, Bleury St., Montreal. Rev. S. Rondeau, Editor, is now in its 54th year. It is the only French Protestant newspaper in America. Subscription, $1.00.

THE SECRET.

To prevent any misunderstanding as to my motives in my "Modus Operandi" to Orange Open Air Processions and their own and sympathizers' press propaganda, I may just as well come straight to the point now. The feud between us has been brewing for a long time and I have only been waiting for a favourable opportunity to do what I am doing now. I think the hour has come to strike. It began with their opposition to land law reform in the old land. The land laws, in the British Isles, are still the worst in the whole world. I believe in changing the laws and making every cultivater of the land in the British Isles his own landlord as he is in Canada and most other places in the civilized world. The Irish Celts could always be depended on to vote right on that question while the Orangemen have always sided with landlordism. For that reason, I do not like the idea of the Irish Celtic members withdrawing from the Imperial parliament in London. In the next place, I believe in keeping up our old languages, Gaelic and French, while the Orangemen, with their one school and one language craze advocate an entirely different policy. Then I am opposed to their compulsory education ideas from the time of the Manitoba school question agitation. I know for a fact that many Catholics pay double school taxes and compelling a man to pay for supporting a school to which he does not send his children seems to me just as bad as compelling a man to pay to support a church in which he does not believe.

In the next place, I am an out and free trader and believe all the revenue of a country should be based on an income tax and not on commerce. The antics of the Orange gang and their other Tory allies broke up our old liberal party by their Unholy Alliance with the so called Quebec Nationalists, in 1911, which was the cause of the confusion in the Province of Quebec during the late war. In the next place, I have lived for thirty-four years in Quebec, and though we had many little scraps during that time. I resent the outrageous campaign carried on against the Province, in one form or another, all these years, so if I get a little encouragement I intend, instead of apologyzing for Quebec, to make a Highland charge on the enemy.

I have known nuns in Montreal to nurse an unfortunate Presbyterian minister who was travelling incognito. The type which Victor Hugo describes, in "Les Msiérables", as Bishop Welcome, is not a rarity, even among the Quebec Catholic clergy. There is too much of the Book of Johsua and the war drum in peace times among the Orange fraternity, and not enough of the

spirit of David Livingstone and William Penn among them to attract my pragmatic sympathies. To one outside of all church organizations, the most important consideration for him is that there is much more personal liberty for him in Catholic Quebec than in Protestant Ontario.

In necessariis unitas
In un neceessariis libertas
In omnibus caritas.

THE BOYNE OR LIMERICK?

WILLIAM OF ORANGE OR GENERAL GINKLE?

I have shown previously that the side-show between William, Prince of Orange, and his father-in-law, James 2nd, was neither the beginning nor the end of the struggles between the Stuarts and those who wished to get rid of them, once for all — and I am one of them. — I would like to have that foolish unprofitable quarrell buried once for all as one of the best means towards more peace and harmony in our Great Empire. Now the fact of the matter is, that that much talked of Battle of the Boyne settled nothing, except that William crossed the Boyne and that James, finding it safer to run away than to stay any longer in the field, tooke the earliest opportunity to get across the water to France, and William then returned to England. The war in Ireland, however, continued all summer up to the 13th of October, when Limerick surrendered to General Gingle, whom King William left in charge. The Treaty of Limerick, which ended the war in Ireland for the time being, was signed by General Ginkle, in Oct. 13th, 1690.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN IRELAND

According to Aristole's Ethics, the greatest good is happiness and the means active virtue. The Protestant Reformation certainly lacked one thing which according to the Apostle Paul, in the 13th chapter of his Letter to the Church at Corinthe is the greatest of the virtues — Charity. Neither in Germany, where it caused a Thirty-year's War, which resulted in the reduction of the population from 30 to 12 millions, nor in the Bhitish Isles did it bring peace or happiness.

Fortunately for England, they did not take the question of religion very seriously, at first, and they changed their religion nominally four times in thirty years. They were Catholics when the notorious Blue Beard Henry the 8th came to the throne. They

became semi Protestant during the later part of Henry's reign.They became full Protestants during the boy Edward's reign, which ended when he was only 16 years of age. Then like the Vicar of Bray, they became Catholics again during the six years of Mary's reign, but during the forty-four years of Queen Elizabeth's reign the new religion took deeper root and England was finally lost to the Church of Rome, but as we shall see, later, the people only got out of the frying pan into the fire. In Ireland and Scotland, however, the people took religion more seriously and as a consequence the trouble lasted longer.

In 1839, W. E. Gladstone,, who started on his political career as an ardent Tory, finished up his long political journey as an advanced Liberal. In 1839, he wrote a book on Church and State, presumably in defence of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland. Lord Macaulay answered that book in his own unique style. Gladstone, thirty years afterwards, 1869, disestablished that same church. The following quotation from Macaulay speaks for itself. —"But if there were, in any part of the world, a national church regarded as heretical by four-fifths of the nation committed to its care, a church established and maintained by the sword, a church producing twice as many riots as conversions, a church which, though possessing great wealth and power, and though long backed by persecuting laws, had, in the course of many generations, been found unable to propagate its doctrines, and barely able to maintain its ground, a church so odious, that fraud and violence, when used against its clear right of property, ,were generally regarded as fair play, a church whose ministers were preaching to desolate walls, and with difficulty obtaining their lawful subsistence, by the help of bayonets, such a church, on our principles, could not, we must own, be defended. We should say that the state which allied itself with such a church postponed the primary end of government to the secondary: and that the consequences had been such as any sagacious observer would have predicted. Neither the primary nor the secondary end is attained. The temporal and spiritual interests of the people suffer alike. The minds of men, instead of being drawn to the church, are alienated from the state. The magistrate, after sacrificing order, peace, union, all the interests which is his first duty to protect, for the purpose of promoting pure religion, is forced, after the experience of centuries, to admit that he has really been promoting error. The sounder the doctrines of such a church, the more absurd and noxious the superstition by which those doctrines are opposed, the stronger are the arguments against the policy which has deprived a good cause of its natural advantages. Those who preach to rulers the duty of em-

ploying power to propagate truth would do well to remember that falsehood, though no match for truth alone, has often been found more than a match for truth and power together.

"A statesman, judging on our principles, would pronounce without hesitation, that a church such as we have last described ought never to have been set up."

The same remarks ought now to apply to Orange street demonstrations

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND ST. PATRICK

THE 12TH OF JULY AND THE 17TH OF MARCH

In my advocacy of the abolition of the 12th of July celebration, and not applying the same rule to the 17th of March, some people imagine they find a contradiction of principles. Not so very long ago, before people discarded the religion of their forefathers, every country had its patron saint — St. George for England, St. Andrew for Scotland, St. David for Wales and St. Patrick for Ireland. Before the Reformation, the English and Irish natives of Ireland celebrated the national anniversary. Protestants as well as Catholics still claim some connection with these old Christian missionaries, so the Irish by continuing this part of their old traditions is introducing nothing new nor claiming any new basis of supremacy, but this glorification of a new character in history and celebrating the date of particular battle between rival factions shows bad taste, bad ethics and bad manners which should not be encouraged. Let them celebrate the memory of their idol in their lodge rooms, and no one is likely to find fault with them.

BRITISH POLICY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

One of the strangest paradoxes of the British Empire is the care that is taken to avoid giving offence to native races in other parts of the world such as India and Egypt, and the want of respect that is allowed to be openly flaunted by some people in the face of their neighbours at home. What would happen in Egypt and India if some of our Protestant fanatics carried on the same pranks in these countries as they do at home? We could not hold the Empire together one year under such conditions.

THAT COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY

The well known supremacy of the British people has been placed to the credit of the AngloSaxon element in our population.

Several factors are necessary to produce a superior people, such as latitude, altitude and proximity to the sea. Extremes of heat are not conducive to the development of superior races of men. Nature has placed the largest part of the earth's surface in the Temperate Zone. This is one of the many proofs of a benevolent design in the universe. The Torrid Zone, while favourable to the growth of plants and certain kinds of animals is not conducive to the production of a strong healthy type of man. Too much heat weakens the human constitution, so kind nature evens things up, by producing food for man with less exertion on his part in the Torrid Zone than in the temperate and Frigid Zones. While man in cold climates has more strength and energy than he has in hot climates, to provide for the extra human needs such as more food and clothing and protection from the weather in the shape of houses and fire, the man under the less favourable conditions has less time to think and make experiments in literature, science and philosophy. Then again an other provision of kind nature is that man requires more food in cold climates where man has the most strength to provide for himself than he does where less strength and therefore less food is required as in very hot climates.

The British Isles and sea coast neighbouring countries such as France, Denmark and Belgium are by nature ideal places for raising superior peoples. The climate is milder than in inland countries of the same latitude, the heat of the summer being moderated by the breeze from the sea, and in the winter, the Gulf Stream moderates the climate, so that extremes of heat and cold as we have in North Prussia and Russia and Canada are practically unknown. There are also hills and valleys, and in many places, the soil is rich and iron below the surface. All these natural conditions would have helped any race of man with ordinary intelligence to make progress and provide comfortable livings for themselves. The chief draw back is the selfish disposition of some elements of the population, especially the Germanic element that got into the British Isles, at the beginning of the sixth century, many of whom have never been able or willing to get rid of the dislike, hatred and contempt for the original natives that they unfortunately brought over with them from the continent, fourteen hundred years ago. Various tribes from various races came to the British Isles during the last two thousand years and each could learn something from the others. Religion that was supposed to wed them in to a common brotherhood, in many cases unfortunately, often, worked the other way. Some of these troubles we will investigate in telling the story of the races that providence has placed as neighbours to each other. The Norsemen were seafaring men

from very early times. The Angles and Saxons were inland peoples and very rough in their manners particularly to strangers,as many of their descendents still are. They never were the ideal people to built a great empire. The religious troubles on the continent of Europe, particularly the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in France, brought many refugees from that country, as the persecution of Catholics in the British Isles, after the so-called Reformation, drove many refugees from the British Isles to the continent. The French refugees brought their skill and culture with them which had a great deal to do with the extraordinary developement of British manufacturing industries for many years. Of all the elements that compose the British people of the present day, we owe less to the Anglo-Saxon element than to any other for anything that is worth taking any pride in.

There is nothing wonderful about that part of the modern English language that can be traced back to the Anglo-Saxon dialect of the German language. The other races had a great deal of patience with this element of the population wherever they are met with, whether on the borders of Wales, on the borders between the Gaelic speaking Highlanders of the west coast of Scotland, between the Teutonic element in the North of Ireland and the Celtic element in the south or the same irreconcilable element in Ontario and the French Canadian Celtic element in the Province of Quebec, in Canada, (commonly called French Canadians) it is always the same tune, in the same insulting manner, by the same old gang.

BRITAIN, ENGLAND OR NORMANDY?

ARE WE BRITISH, ENGLISH OR NORMANS OR ARE WE A MIXTURE OF ALL THREE AND SOME OTHERS?

Why a certain element of the British people wish to include people of other races with themselves is a mystery I never could understand. A man may be Saxon, Celtic, Norman, Danish, Russian or any other race and still be British because Britain is the name of a place and the British people means the natives of Britain but if a man is a Celt or a Jew be is certainly not an Anglo-Saxon because that term applies only to the race or blood and not to the place. A man may be born in India and still be an Anglo-Saxon if he really is descended from that stock as a man is a jew wherever he is born. A Jew may be British if he is born in Britain, but if he is a Jew he certainly is not an Anglo-Saxon.

From time immemorial, the term "Insulae Britannica —

British Isles" was applied to what is now England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

The proper division of what is now known as Great Britain and Ireland should be "Great and Small Britain", instead of Great Britain and Ireland. The term "England" as applied now to that part of Britain south of the Tweed appears in history only towards the end of the tenth century, shortly before the Norman Conquest and even now contains less than half or a little more than one third, to be exact five twelths of the whole, while Ireland, Scotland and Wales occupyy seven twelths of the whole area of the British Isles. Another strange notion that some people have is that speaking a language constitutes a race. Now it is absolutely absurd to speak about an English speaking race as many different races speak the English language as well as other languages. In Canada, it is often customary to divide the population into English and French, this classification taking in English speak Irish Catholics, though for religions and school purposes they are classified with French Canadian Catholics and French Protestants send their children to English Protestant schools.

Some time ago, an editorial appeared in one of the newspapers after the last general election in Britain, in which the editor, referring to Lloyd George's victory spoke about how England rewards her sons, thus claiming Lloyd George as a son of England. In passing, some critical remarks about this an Englishman standing behind me said: "When he writes like that, he takes in all the Scotch and Welsh as Englishmen, you are just as loyal as I am, therefore you are just as English as I am, he said." I answered: "I have not a drop of English blood in my veins, and though I speak English as well as Gaelic and French, my mother never spoke a word of English and how then can you classify me who am of Norman-Celtic stock from the Hebrides as English. How would you like to be called a Scotchman?" "That would be absurd", he said. It would be no more absurd to call you a Scotchman than to call me an Englishman. You might just as well call a French Canadian who speaks English an Englishman as a Gaelic speaking Highlander who happens to speak English as well as Gaelic and French.

Bsides I have not a spark of sentiment about the English language and I have less sentiment about what is commonly called Broad Scotch. Now, if it is proper to change the name of a country at every conquest, as the Anglo-Saxons changed the old name of Britain to England at the end of the tenth century, and as the Normans conquered the same country shortly after it began to be known by the name of England, why not call the name of the

country Normandy, instead of England, as England is only a German name and many people now who formerly gloried in their German relationship are now getting ashamed of it. We would never have made any progress at all in civilization or founded or extended an empire as we have done only for the Norman Conquest. The civil wars in Britain bad as they were since the Norman Conquest would have been ten times worse if the original Celts and Anglo-Saxons were left to continue the war of extermination that the Anglo-Saxons carried on against the original Celtic natives. Perhaps the Celtic fringe Scotland, Ireland and Wales would have by degrees learned a little sense and joining together would have squeezed the Anglo-Saxons. There is undoubtedly more Celtic than Anglo-Saxons born in the present people of aven the British Isles, and if we add to that the Celtic blood of the French Canadian, and if we add to that the Celtic Blood of our Norman cousins who have always been more sympathetic with us than the Anglo-Saxons and who were always quite as able if not more so than the Anglo-Saxons to take care of themselves, we may yet be able by a little more union among ourselves to make them a little more civil than it has been their general habit to be Where does Anglo-Saxon supremacy come in any way. For over eight hundred years, the aristocracy who till quite recently were running everything pretty much as they liked in the British Isles were of Norman and not of Anglo-Saxon stock. Poor patient Hodge had always his nose to the grindstone, but like the unfortunate wandering Jew he seems to find some consolation in imagening himself some superior person even when he sleeps at night on the banks of the Thames and a Welshman is at last raised up to be a dictator over the British Isles.

Now, I have too much respect for the average Englishman of our days, notwithstanding his intoxication with a superfluity of conceit, to libel him by classifying him as direct descendant of these ancient day light robbers — the Anglo-Saxons of fourteen hundred years ago, who exterminated the original natives of what is now called "British England" and squatted himself in their place apparently without any conscientious scruples that he was doing anything wrong. As he did not profess to be a Christian, then, we cannot blame the church for his bad deeds, but as the Celts seemed to have imbibid Christianity before their annihilation in many districts, the question remains as to what extent the church of these days as so many times since has been responsible for their misfortunes.

The same game was tried north of the Tweed, in Great Britain and in Small Britain or Ireland, by the Plantation of Ulster, by

the transplantation there of colonists of German origin who have been natives of the East coast of Scotland for many centuries but who had still continued hostile to the natives there and carried their hostility with them to their new homes. Though the English people are now Anglo-Saxons only in name, there is still too much of the old Anglo-Saxon spirit remaining and that is one reason why so much of our country is made a desert for hunting purposes while food is carried on sea and land a distance of six thousand miles to feed the inhabitants and the people with the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of hate and contempt for their Celtic neighbour, look on with calm indiference while their neighbours are driven like cattle out of their humble cottages and huddled like black slaves from Africa in emigrant ships and thrown into the wild woods of America, and while Catholic priests are persecuted for taking the part of the underdog, sleek wellgromed Presbyterian clergymen are raising commotions and storms all over Scotland over such foolish questions as whether Moses did or did not write an account of his own funeral or is it really a fact or an allegory that a man of the name of Jonah, many years ago lived three days in the belly of a whale and came out alive and started immediately on his journey inland.

The burning of their parishoners' straw roofed cottages at the same time did not interest them in the least while scoundrels who made fortunes selling opium to the Chinese at the point of the bayonet are driven along in gorgeous apparel with a carriage and pair and the ragged children of the remaining crofters run to the gates when their oppressors pass by looking for pennies thrown to them to make sport for the exploiters. Green called the History of the British people the History of the English people, only, and so did Macaulay and Buckle. Why all these things should be so is a mystery to many. There may be a day of reckoning for some people, yet, however. Who knows?

THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR. — A STUDY IN CHARITY.

1 Cor. ch. 13.—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity

envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away with. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part but then I shall know, even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three but the greatest of these is "CHARITY!"

Charity was practically an unknown quantity at the so-called 'Protestant Reformation Period", either in the old Mother church towards what she considered her erring children, or in the disobedient children towards the Mother Church. It does not form any part of the plan or programme of this book to enquire into the cause of the hateful spirit of that period for more than one hundred and fifty years the evidence of history is so overwhelming as to the Reign of Terror of that period and that the moral state of the country immediately succeeding the so called Reformation was the the worst in the history of the country. In no other period of the country's history were the classic observation of Burns: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn", more true than in that period. Protestants hated Catholics, Jews and unbelievers as Catholics hated Protestants, Jews and unbelievers. Protestants also divided themselves into hateful hostile sects. Presbyterians fighting Episcoplians and Episcoplians fighting Presbyterians with a bitterness unknown in the history of Europe since the Arian and Athanasian controversy, over twelve hundred years before. We have an illustration of the same spirit now in Ireland and in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, in Canada The so-called Reformation did not reform manners.

The Apostle James, ch. 2, v. 18, says: Show me thy faith without thy works and I will show thee my faith by my works. One thing quite clear about these self styled reformers from Martin Luther to John Knox and their followers, is that their method of propaganda was carried on much more like the methods of Moses and Joshua than the methods of Jesus and His Apostles. The kind of work that seemed to appeal best to them was persecuting those who differed from them in matters of mere church discipline.

BUCKLE'S EVIDENCE ON THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR IN SCOTLAND.

Buckle is no friend of mine or the Catholic Church or the Stuart Kings. In the first place, he started his History of Civilization in England by including his studies of Scottish history in the history of England. For this, he deserves the censure of all patriotic Scotchman.

He also unmercifully libelled the Highlanders about which he knew little or nothing from personal knowledge. Though he criticised many others for smaller faults, he was not able to get above this popular southern cant himself. The Highlanders, like the rest of the Celtic population of Britain, have been treated as barbarous Outlanders from time immemorial by their southern neighbours both north and south of the Tweed. They had very little natural advantages compared with their southern neighbours before the days of railways and steam ships to enable them to accumulate property which seems to be the only real test of civilization that people who boast of their Anglo-Saxon origin can appreciate. To rob people of their land and language and then to condemn them for being poor is surely a strange condition of mind. I am prepared however to compare the Highland element of the population with any other element of our Empire under equal conditions. The charge of cruelty and barbarous conduct in war is not borne out by the evidence of facts. In the last foolish Jacobite Rebellion, in 1745, which was a disastrous affair to the Highlands ever since, they left no black or bloody trail behind them, except on the field of battle either on their march south or north, though they got into the heart of England. The same could not be said of bloody Cumberland when he defeated Prince Charles Stuart. There is a story told of General Wolfe which means a lot. Wolfe was a young officer under Cumberland, at Culloden. Seeing a wounded Highlander who was not able to follow the retreating army of the unfortunate Prince Charles, he ordered young Wolfe to 'go and finish him". Wolfe answered that he came with him to engage in honourable warfare, not to kill the wounded.

Whether this story is truth or fiction, it had a wide circulation and one thing is quite certain and that is that many Highlanders who fought under Prince Charlie at Culloden fought under Wolfe at the Plains of Abraham and he had no more devoted men in the army. For myself, I am quite prepared to believe the story. It showed the difference between the two men and the reputation they left behind them.

There is another fact in connection not only with the Celtic

people of the Highlands of Scotland, but also in connection with the Celtic population of Ireland and Quebec. In the matter of Sexual morality, the Highland and West coast of Scotland, where the Celtic element predominates, the statistics place the Highland Celtic element far away ahead of the south and east coast where the other element predominates. The same holds true in reference to two elements in Ireland and Quebec. In matters of divorce and the illigitimacy, Quebec has a much higher standard than Ontario or any other district of the same size in the neighbouring Republic. If I know anything of the cardinal principles of Christianity, as recorded in the 25th chap. of Matt., the test on the Day of judgment will not be about bank accounts, motor cars, palaces and diamond rings, but about our treatment of our neighbours, and according to that test, the French Canadian people of Quebec will have as good a chance of passing on to the right with the sheep, while their detractors will be told to go to h — l. I have lived thirty-three years in Quebec, and in that time we had many scraps, but after all the longer I live among them the better I like them while the longer and the more I get acquainted with certain other types in Ontario and other places the less I like them, either in Canada or the British Isles.

Buckle, however, was a good and laborious collector of old documents, old reports of church sessions, &c., &c., and I know from personal knowledge and observations that his information about the superstitious state of Scotland since the commencement of the Reign of Terror of the so-called Protestant Reformation is quite reliable. I will copy some extracts from his collection of notes. No, I am not converted to the Catholic Church or any other church and I am not likely to move in that direction. I do indeed very often go to hear some of the Broad Church of England preachers as I would a good ethical preacher in a Roman Catholic Church or a Jewish synagogue, but as to binding myself any longer by any of the ever varying and changing dogmas of any of the churches, No Sir, I had enough of that sort of thing. My temperament inclines me to take the side of the underdog against the oppressor and as the race, I belong to have long scores to settle with some of those I am now paying my compliments to, I am going to try to make it as interesting as possible to them. I am not going to make any apologies for the Celtic peoples of either Scotland, Ireland, Wales or Quebec. In Canada, our part in the developement of Canada is known to any one who knows anything of Canadian history. Our Cartiers, Champlains, Maissoneuves, Murrays, McKenzies and Macdonalds speak for themselves. Our Livingstone is at the top list of civilizing explorers to whom the

black races of Africa showed a love and devotion never equalled in modern history. We gave a General Grant to the United States to help Lincoln free the slaves while those who take pride in calling themselves Anglo-Saxons there look to the Saxons for the ancestry of their Washington. W. E. Edward Gladstone, on his mother side, belongs to us. Lord Macaulay, the prince of modern English writers, was the grandson of a clergyman from my native Island of Lewis. No finer specimen of humanity ever spoke in the British House of Commons than Daniel O'Connell, who did so much to ease the Saxon yoke of bondage from the back of down trodden Ireland where much remains still to be done. As for France, the cradle of our Celtic race she has been for a long time the leader of civilization in Europe. So, I propose to attack our enemies with all the force I am capable of and all for their own good. They have a very thick skin and can stand a lot of prodding without hurting them very much, so let us hear what Buckle has to say about the civilizing influences of the protestant Reformation in Scotland

All that Buckle says about the superstition and bigotry of Scotland applies equally well to the so-called English Puritans at home as well as the New England Puritans of the United States. We may pay a little more attention to them later. In the meantime, let us hear what Buckle has to say.—

Buckle says there has been more rebellions in Scotland than any other country. The Scotch people constantly withstood their kings but constantly succumbed to the clergy. While liberal in politics, they were always illiberal in religion. Men who in the visible and external affairs of life like the Scotch (and the Jews) display a shrewdness and boldness rarely equalled in speculative life tremble like sheep before their pastors and yield assent to every absurdity they hear, provided the church has sanctioned it.

The Reign of Terror of the so-called Reformation commenced in Scotland in May, 1559, when after a sermon by John Knox, the mobs all over Scotland commenced to destroy the old churches. This was 12 years after the row beaween Martin Luther and Tetzel, in Germany, over the sale of indulgences, and 28 years after Blue Beard Henry 8th made himself head of the church in England, instead of the Pope of Rome. This Reign of Terror continued in one form or another for 150 years, till the Unoin of the Parliaments of England and Scotland, in the Reign of Queen Anne, in 1707. In 1560, an Act of the Scotch Parliament was passed that "Whoever said mass or was present while it was said should for the

(*Continued in part* 3.)

BOOK REVIEWS

A NEW STAR

No! — This new star is not in the sky, but down right here on the earth, and wonder of wonders in the dark Province of Ontario. There is hope for Ontario yet. This new star is a yong man, Mr. Percival F. Morley, author of "Bridging the Chasm" between Quebec and Ontario. We need more men like Mr. Morley in Ontario and Ulster. While men like Richard Carson, in Ulster, are driving a cleaving wedge between various races of the Empire, Mr. Morley is trying to Bridge the Chasm. This is a fine subject for my good friend, Mr. Racey, to use his skillful pencil on. Price $1.35, postage, 7c.

Mr. MOORE'S CLASSICS.

Another Ontario man has come into the lime light, Mr. W. H. Moore. The first of his books that I have read — "The Clash", diagnoses the Ontario and Quebec Clash and Mr. Moore, with a friendly spirit towards good old Quebec, is trying, like Mr. Morley, to Bridge the Chasm.

The second of Mr. Moore'ss books, Polly Masson, is a novel with the same purpose as the Clash. Polly was a charming French Canadian lady who capptured an Englishman. Price of both books, $1.75 each, post 10c.

A FAIR IRISH MAID

This is a charming Irish story. It is story of lave, wealth and poverty. Grania choose Dennis and poverty rather than wealth without him and finally she got Dennis and plenty.

This is Macarthy's best book. Pub. at $1.25 each, job lot for 50c. a copy, post 10c.

NOTICES.

Part 3 will contain the Great Celtic Eviction Tragedies. (1) The Extermination of the original Britons by the Anglo-Saxons, the Ulster Plantation, the Highland Clearances, Expulsion of the Acadians from Canada and the Expulsion of the U. E. Loyalists from the United States.

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(1) Subscriptions to Tragedy will be $1.00 for the first 10 parts. All supplied at prices quoted by Norman Murray, 233, St. James St., Montreal.

Part 3

Price 10c. or 5 penny stamps. — Subscription to 10 parts to complete book, $1.00 or 4/2 post paid.

THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS AND ORANGE AND OTHER FANATICAL MARPLOTS AND AGENTS PROVOCATIVE.

— By —

NORMAN MURRAY

———— o ————

THE STORY OF THE OPPRESSION OF THE CELTIC RACE BY THE ANGLO-SAXON (or Germanic Race) IN LAND, LANGUAGE AND RELIGION, IN THE BRITISH ISLES AND CANADA.

CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS OR THE ETHIOPIAN HIS SKIN.

———— o ————

NORMAN MURRAY,
233, ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, QUE.
1930

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock
Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the twin light
And like druids of elds with voices sad and prophetic
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms
Loud from its rockey cavern the deep voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest
This is the primeval forest but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatched roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands
Darkened by shades of earth but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers for ever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blast of October
Seize them, and whirl them a loft and sprinkle them far over the ocean
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré
Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest
List to a tale of love in Acadia the home of the happy.

Henry Wardsworth LONGFELLOW.

"If you make yourself a sheep the wolves will eat you."

Ben FRANKLIN.

The history of the human race is mostly made up of tragedies. All nations and races had their tragedies. Will they ever cease? At the time of writing (Nov. 1919) French Canada, the pioneers of the British Dominions in North America is being in a sense isolated and abused by domineering elements of other races, lately arrived and treated practically as outlanders in a country they were the first to plow and cultivate. I am writing the history of these Celtic Tragedies in the Old Land and Canada in the hope that some of our wild neighbours may stop and think and adopt a more chivalrous attitude to the modern descendents of the Old Pioneers.

It is safe to say that the story of the Expulsion of the Acadians the original French settlers of what is now known as Nova Scotia but two hundred years ago was known as Acadia is the saddest story in the history of Canada and second only in sadness in the history of the British Empire by the Expulsion of the original Welsh natives of what is now called England, the evictions of Irish Catholics and Scotch Highlanders both Protestant and Catholic from their native lands.

While Protestantism (whatever that means now) had got the upper hand so completely in the British Isles and the unfortunate Catholics had become such a helpless minority that any fear of the restoration of Papal Supremacy was absolutely absurd still Protestant Britain being at war with Catholic France in both Europe and America caused more or less fear of French Catholics in North America.

About 1755, five years before the conquest of Canada by Britain the French population of Acadia had increased in one hundred and fifty years to about 20,000 nearly one third of the white population of what was then known as Canada. Acadia had been colonized before Canada and had been taken from France several years before the conquest of the rest of Canada. For many years every possible effort was made to enduce them to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown and they persistently refused to do so without the reservation that they should not be called to fight against France. Quite possible the British authorities understood by that attitude that they would fight for France if ever a favourable opportunity should ever occur. Finally is was decided to expel them and scatter over the New England Colonies those not sent back to France. The Acadians had then become prosperous and all accounts agree that they were a very deserving class of people and very peaceable. They had never caused any trouble to the British authorities except that they would not take the oath of allegiance.

Much has been written on the subject, pro and con, since. That they suffered great hardships cannot be denied. Families were scattered never to meet again. I am not going to take part in the controversy, on either side farther than to say that as they have been a well behaved people, if it was considered a good military policy to transfer them to some other locality they should at least have been paid for the property that was taken from them which was never done. So fourteen thousand of them were scattered all over North America except a few that were sent back to France.

The lines at the head of this chapter expresses the feelings of

those who returned to their old homes after peace was declared between France and Britain. I have seen the same thing in my native land in the Highlands. The village where my grandfather was born was treated when I was a boy in the same manner. What made matters worse than even the Expulsion of the Acadians was that my ancestors were never accused of engaging in rebellion against the new regime that succeeded the unfortunate Stuarts but still because it was thought a wise politic move to scatter the Highlanders all over the world they were treated just like the rest. We need more union among the peoples of Celtic blood to defend our rights in our own Empire.

THE GAELIC RENAISSANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

Hon. G. H. Murray, K.C., LL.D.,

Premier and Provincial Secretary:

Your petitioners, undersigned, submit the following for the consideration of the Council of Public Instruction and of the Government of Nova Scotia:

1. The Federal Census of 1911 gave 35.7% of the population of Nova Scotia as claiming English descent, 29.8% Scottish, 11% Irish and 10.5 per cent. French.

2. The great majority of Nova Scotians belonging to the Scottish race still preserve the Gaelic language and are deeply attached to the traditions embodied in its literature.

3. These traditions embody the highest ideals of honour, virtue and patriotism, ideals that have been preserved and fostered through the medium of the Gaelic language in song and story. Hence the loss of their language would, to a great extent, mean the disappearance of these lofty sentiments that means so much to the life of a race; and this would be a calamity not merely for the Scots themselves; but also for the Empire of which they form so important a part.

4. Every educationist admits how important, nay, how necessary it is for the proper development of the mental faculties, that more than one language should be studied. The value of Gaelic for mental development is enhanced by the fact that in its idioms, its grammar, and its syntax, it differs widely from any other language taught in our schools. Hundreds of our boys and girls study French and German in High School classes and forget

practically all they learned very shortly after leaving school. Should they devote the same attention to their mother tongue instead, they would be the proud masters of one of the oldest, the most copious, the most expressive, and the most euphonious of all living languages.

5. For any advance in philology a knowledge of the Celtic language is absolutely necessary. All the leading Universities of the world have established or are establishing chairs of Celtic. Why should the Celts of Nova Scotia, forming nearly one-half of its entire population, allow Germans and Frenchmen to take the lead in promoting the study of the Celtic languages?

In view, therefore, of the large percentage of our population who speak Gaelic, and whose dearest traditions and loftiest aspirations are embodied in that language; in view of its undoubted educational value, the excellence of its literature, and its great practical utility, your petitioners urge, respectfully but strongly, that Gaelic be included in the courses of study prescribed for both the Common and High School Grades of our Public Schools, and receive at least, the same prominence that is accorded the French language.

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

The Glory of a Great Empire is the variety of Races, Languages and Religions, each striving to excel each other in all good will and not as unfortunately has been too long and too often the case in the past, one type desperately trying to extinguish all traces of the traditions languages and folklore of the others.

The petition printed here which has been presented to my honoured name sake the Premier of Nova Scotia shows that affinity of ideas have been moving quite unconsciously to each other different parties hundreds of miles from each other. A common ancestral language is a strong bond between different peoples even when they differ in religious opinions.

Much has been written about the wild state of the Highlands at one time by people who knew very little about them.

The real fact of the matters is however that at the present time there is no class of people in the whole of the British Empire where there is less friction between Catholics and Protestant than there is among the Highland people both at home and in Canada When they were exiled to Canada some to Glengary and some to Nova Scotia they have shown an example of brotherly love that it would be well for other people to follow. What a dif-

ferent story we might have now to tell of Ireland if the new colonists in Ulster had tried to learn the Irish Gaelic instead of trying to suppress it. At one time a knowledge of Latin was more necessary than it is now as most of the highest class of literature was printed in that language.

There is a vast amount of Song and Story now in both the Irish and Scotch Gaelic that strangers know, practically nothing about.

There is a sweetness to the ear in Gaelic and French music quite different from English.

Through the long slow process of intermarriages between people who consider themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin and Gaelic and French speaking people there is a more or less cosmopolitan and bilingual spirit growing up among many peoples. When the father happens to be of one race and the mother of another, there is a more sympathetic feeling towards the old traditions of both races. The wisest thing to do is to encourage this sympathetic spirit instead of trying to suppress it.

"The more languages the better."

THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR IN SCOTLAND.

Continued from page 31, part II.

BUCKLE'S EVIDENCE ON THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR IN SCOTLAND.

first offence lose his goods, for the second offence, be exiled, and for the third offence, be put to death. Though they were a little longer in starting in Scotland, they made up for lost time by being more terrible than any other. Thus it was that the Catholic religion was abolished in Scotland, after lasting nearly one thousand years. But as the sequal will soon show, it was only liberty for the the clergy from the control of the Pope. As for the people, it was only a case of jumping out of the frying pan in to the fire, for instead of having one Pope hundreds of miles away they had now a Pope in every village. Instead of private confession to a priest, the sinner had to stand up in church and make confession before the whole congregation. In one sense, Scotland was a paradise before the Reformation, in comparison to what it was afterwards, for

the next 150 years, as far as personal liberty was concerned. They did it more systematically in Scotland than anywhere. Walking in the fields on Sunday was sinful. It was forbidden to go to hold markets on Saturday or Monday as one was liable to do some walking to or from market on the Sabbath. Water for Sunday use must be taken into the house on Sunday. To admire beautiful scenery was a sin. It was sinful to play the bag pipes, the national music of cotland, even on week days. It was forbidden to travel in Catholic countries. A man of the name of Alex. Laurie was brought before the Kirk session of Perth and questioned as to whether the last time he was out of the country, he visited Spain It was a sin for a Scotch innkeeper to admit a Catholic into h inn.. "The said Alexander Laurie, being removed and censured, was thought good by the Kirk session that he should be admonisl ed that he should not travel in these parts again, except they were otherwise reformed in religion. Still earlier, that is in 1592, the clergy attempted to interfere even with commerce, alleging that the merchants could not make voyage to Spain without danger to their souls, and therefore wished them in the name of God not to go there at all. It was a sin to go from one town to another on Sunday, no matter how pressing the business might be. It was a sin to visit your friends on Sunday. It was a sin to shave on Sunday. On Sunday, no one should pay any attention to his health or think of his body at all. On that day, any horse exercise was sinful, so was walking in the fields or enjoying the fine weather sitting at your own door. To go to sleep on Sunday before the duties of the day were over, were also sinful and deserved church censure. Bathnig being pleasant as well as wholesome was a particularly grievous offence and no man could be allowed to swim on Sunday. It was in fact doubtful whether swiming was proper for a Christian, even on week days, and it was certain that God had on occasion shown his displeasure by taking away the life of a boy while he was indulging in that carnal practise. In 1719, lhe Presbytery of Edinburgh declared —"Yea! some have arrived at that height of impiety as not to be ashamed of washing in waters and swimming in rivers on the Sabbath." It mattered not what a man liked the mere fact of liking it was a sin. The clergy deprived the people of their holidays, their amusements, their shows, their games, and their sports, they repressed every appearance of joy, thev forbade all merriment, they stopped all festivities, they choked up every avenue by which pleasure could enter and they spread over the country an universal gloom. Then truly did darkness sit on the land. Men in their daily actions and in their very looks became troubled, melancholy and ascetic. Their countenances

soured and was down cast. Not only their opinions, but their gait, eir demeanor, their voice, their general aspect were influenced the daily blight which nipped up all that was genial and warm. ne way of life fell into the sear and yellow leaf. Thus it was that e national character of the Scotch was in the Seventeenth century dwarfed and mutilated. There is but one protection against the tyranny of any class and that is to give that class very little power. Whatever the pretensions of any body of men may be, however smooth their language and however plausible their claims, they are sure to abuse power if much of it is conferred on them. The Scotch clergy did not hesitate to teach the people that on that day (the Sabbath), it was sinfull to save a vessell in d stress and that it was a proof of religion to leave ship and crew to perish. They might go; none but their wives and children would suffer, and that was nothing in comparison to breaking the Sabbath, so too did the clergy teach that on no occasion must food or shelter be given to a starving man, unless his opinions were orthodox. What need for him to live? Indeed they thaught that it was a sin to tolerate his notions at all and that the proper course was to visit him with sharp and immediate punishment. One of the ministers, on the northeast coast, between the Spey and Findhorn, made some fishermen do penance for Sabbath breaking in going out to sea to save a vessell in distress by a storm. They went further and broke the domestic affections and set the parents against their offspring. They taught the father to smite the unbelieving child and to slay his own boy sooner than allow him to propagate error. They laid their rude and merciless hands on the holiest passion of which our nature is capable, the love of a mother for her son. Into that sanctuary, they dared to intrudes into that they thrust their gaunt and ungentle forms. If a mother held opinions of which they disapproved they did not scruple to invade her household, take away her children and forbid her to hold communication with them. In one of these cases mentioned in the records of the church of Glasgow, the Kirk session of that town summoned before them a woman, merely because she had received into her house her own son after the clergy had excommunicated him. People were branded by hot irons by the authority of the Presbyterian Church of Scotnd. Some people had to walk bare footed with their hair cut on ne side of their heads. It was a sin for children to play on the abbath Day. Cheerfulness was a sin. We must always wear a long face. It was a sin to smile or laugh on the Sabbath and to whistle was an awful sin. It was sinful for a holy man to run. He must always keep a solemn, slow gait.

MORE SECRETS.

"Are you going back on your old friends"?

"This country is English and we should only have one official language and that language, English." "You are siding with the French, shame on you, with all your education." He is against the 'H' English said a lady of my acquaintance, don't buy his book. These are a few specimens of the adverse criticism I have already received about "The Tragedy.',

The fact of the matter is that I am not anti any race, language or religion, as such, only against arrogancy of some people of various races, languages and religions.

Let the lawyers and civil servants and politicians learn the various languages necessary to their office. That is a great deal easier to do than to compel a whole race to learn a new language.

A desperate effort is being made to isolate this Province for business reasons and the sooner such a conspiracy is exposed the better-French Canadians were the first white pioneers in this country. They stood by our forefathers in 1774 and 1812, when the same type of people who are keeping an everlasting feud in Ireland and Canada made desperate efforts to get the French Canadians of that period to join them in their rebellion against the Mother Country. There are a great many things that need putting right both in the Old Country and Canada but marching out every 12th of July to celebrate the anniversary of William of Orange and his Dutch army crossing the Boyne in Ireland after his father-in-law, James Stuart will not help us very much to solve them.

There seems to be something wrong with the temperament of people who find enjoyment and amusement in annoying their neighbourus year after year in this fashion. I could give many incidents during the last thirty-five years where men who boast of being guardians of public liberty had opportunity of doing something practical along these lines without either brass bands or coloured ribbons and they were conspicuous by their absence and silence. For these and various other reasons their annual parades are worse than useless — they are mischievous.

If I chose to do so I could give some incidents where North of Ireland Protestants not only have caused bad feelings between Protestants and Catholics but also between Protestant neighbours belonging to the same church.

We have police and soldiers and the British Constitution to protect our civil and religious liberties and we are better without that class of people altogether.

It is not the real Englishmen that are at the buttom of our racial and religious troubles.

The average Englishman is generally a patient and good natured if a little too conceited individual some times. We get a good deal of our best type of liberalism among Englishmen, but I have yet to meet a real good Liberal from Protestant Ulster. Moses and Joshua seem to be their models rather than the Divine Teacher from Gallille and his desciples.

As to the charge that I am anti-English, that is pure rubbish. I resigned my membership in the Caledonian Society because they refused to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Union of England and Scotland — the most important event in this history of the countries.

I live in an English house, my favourite preacher is an Englishman, some of the best friends I have in the world are Englishmen but speaking three languages and knowing the characteristics of the different nationalities that compose our Great Dominion, I am trying to teach some of them a much needed lesson for their own good and the glory of our Great Empire of which we all form a part.

THE GROUND OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

by

Nornam MURRAY.

Take your shovels, my brave boys and dig it very deep,
For he burned down our cottages to make more room for sheep;
For the widow and the orphan he left no place to sleep,
But the devil now has got him safely in his keep.

And he killed our poor dog "Astar" the gamekeeper and he,
And now to write his epitaph in rhyme is left to me;
I would not be a landlord's tool to do such deeds as these,
I'd rather live on bread and water with neither tea nor cheese.

I could not be so cruel as to treat the poor that way
If I got the Klondyke's gold to build a palace gay,
I'd rather hear a Gaelic song from a charming Highland maid
Than Irving and his Hamlet from a box with gold o'erlaid.

And if the muse inspires me now to compose a lay,
I'll tell the public what I know of landlords in my day;
I'd rather see our lovely glens with French and Irish filled,
Than as they are with gamekeepers, where hounds not men, are drilled.

For nature has intended our hills and dales for men
And not for bloody tyrants with game and a dog pen;
For since the time of Tacitus the historian of old,
Our vales were filled with heroes both chivalrous and bold,
But our glens are now deserted, and all for love of gold.

And now ye British statesmen be wise and act in time
To expatriate best soldiers from the country is a crime,
For with all the cruel treatment that they got from selfish knaves
They always died like heroes,—so honoured be their graves.

Their wants were few and simple but their hearts were true as steel
To them your foreign sauces were as chaff to pure oatmeal,
And though they had no carpets to cover their rude floors,
The poor and weary traveller was welcome at their doors.

Though they often fought the Saxons, in quarrels not their own,
They are now brave defenders of the Empire and the throne,
For whenever danger threatens from any foreign foe
To stand up for his country poor Donald is never slow.

And now you Lowland Scotchmen, and sons of England too,
We want you now to help us give Highlanders their due,
For the chiefs they served so bravely betrayed them like knaves,
But still they will get their rights as honest men and brave.

We seek no separation from the Britons of the south,
Though legalized robbery took the bread out of our mouth;
We committed no outrages on our oppressors as you know,
But when we start an open fight tyrants then must go.

For our land was made for people and not for shooting grouse;
Nor for alien sportsmen in our glens to carouse,
So let us be united the Lowlands and the Hills,
Instead of deer and partridges we want more plows and mills.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE

By

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE DESCRITION OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE HERE APPLIES WITH EQUAL FORCE TO IRISH, HIGHLAND SCOTCH OR ACADIAN EVICTIONS.

I'll fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes or lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and al thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all the green;
One only master grasps the whole domain
And half a tillage stints the smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest.

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies
And tires their echoes with unwearied cries,
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all
And the long grass, o'ertops the mouldring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began
When every rood of ground maintained its man,
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

(To be continued in Part IV)

WHAT TWO RACES?

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star,—

Sir,—From time to time we read of references to two races in Canada. To me such talk is pure balderdash. What do people who write and talk like that mean by race? Speaking a certain language often has no racial meaning whatever. There are Germanic or Teutonic and Celtic races, there are Latin and Greek races, but to speak of an English-speaking race seems to me absolutely absurd. Scores of races speak English. Thousands of people in this country speak two languages and many speak three or four. Do they therefore belong to as many races as they speak languages? Those who know anything abouut anthropology classify the Welsh, Irish (except Ulster), the Highland Scotch and French either in Canada or Europe as of the Celtic race. Who authorized these self-constituted authorities to divide us up into two races. In our references to our Canadian citizenship, let us speak as Canadians not as two distinct races. A man need not be any the less a patriotic Canadian because he may quite properly connect the land of his birth with his classification of himself, as English-Canadian, Irish-Canadian, or Scotch-Canadian, but for goodness sake let us drop that mischievous classifying of those whose mother country is old Gaul as a class by themselves distinct from all the others.

Norman MURRAY.

Dec. 18/19.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star.

Sir,—Any real Highlander glancing over the program of the Caledonian concert would not fail to notice one very important

omission. There was not one song on the program in the language of Galgagus and Ossian. Gaelic is preached in a hundred churches every Sunday in Canada and thousands can speak it, but a Montreal so-called gathering of the clans leaves it out.

Norman MURRAY.

IRELAND'S WRONGS.

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star.

Sir,—Someone signing himself E. J. L. States that half a billion dollars were spent by the British taxpayer to enable the Irish farmers to buy their own farms from the landlord. In the first place, this money was only loaned, as the farmers are pledged by the British Government to pay this loan back. The real milk in the cocoanut is, however, in the following question: How comes it that these Irish farmers, whose ancestors were there before the dawn of written history, have to buy their own farms from English landlords? The same question applies also to English and Scotch farmers. Why should not these farmers be freeholders in the British Isles, as in Canada? Is it not a fact that the oppression of the Russian peasants by the landlords, as described by Tolstoi over twenty years ago, had a great deal to do with the present deplorable state of that unfortunate country, as was the state of France before the Revolution? Now, I am a believer in constitutional methods of reform; what is called democracy does not appeal to me very strongly, as the rule of the mob is always worse than the rule of the aristocracy, but is it not time that something was done to reform the British land laws?

Norman MURRAY.

Dec. 4th, /19.

SECOND REVIEW FROM "LA PRESSE".

La tragédie celtique par Norman Murray.—M. Norman Murray, dont nous avons déjà entretenus nos lecteurus, publie aujourd'hui, le deuxième pamphlet de la vigoureuse et juste campagne qu'il mène contre l'orangisme. Nous avons dit tout le bien que nous pensions du premier, la justice nous commande d'en dire autant du second. M. Murray combat pour la bonne cause, et comme dans cette lutte, il se montre l'un de nos plus vigoureux défen-

seurs, nous ne pouvons que le remercier et l'encourager dans son travail d'épuration et de tolérance.

On peut se procurer les pamphlets de M. Murray, en s'adressant au No 233 de la rue Saint-Jacques. Ils se vendent dix sous l'unité.

"La Presse", Nov. 29th, 1919.

THE BOYCOTT THAT FAILED.

The success of my effort so far shows that my many years of study of this subject has not been in vain.

So far, however, "La Presse" the the great French newspaper of Montreal and "La Aurore" the French Protestant weekly were the only papers that took any notice of my new venture. The success and the reception of it by the public at the time when there were so many other attractions connected with the Christmas season is more than I expected when I started.

WHO ARE THE ORANGEMEN?

As I have pointed out before and as every student of history knows, the foolish Celts of South Britain hired a band of German ruffians, called Angles and Saxons to fight against their Caledonian neighbours after the departure of the Romans from Britain. They afterwards remained in Britain after the war and either expelling or exterminatnig some of the natives, seized their lands and settled in their place, where they had things very much their own way till my name sake William the Norman came and knocked spots out of them and subdued them. Some of the irreconcilable of them were unfortunately allowed to settle in the East of Scotland where they were everlastingly in hot water either with their Norman neighbours, south of the Tweed, or with the Highlanders of the north. In course, of time when King James tried to force episcopacy on the Scotch, he transplanted a lot of the irreconciliables of German origin to Ulster, in the North of Ireland. They told the natives to go to hell or Connaught as they wanted that country as they would make better use of it than they were doing. The state of that country has been a disgrace to the reputation of the British Empire ever since. Some of the same bunch found their way to this side of the Atlantic. They were among the first to raise in revolt against the mother country in what is now called the United States of America. Some of the unfortunate Highland Scotch Jacobites, who were exiled there after Culloden, including the famous character Flora McDonald, who still believed in the old Catholic religion, being always faithful to their fatherland, stood up for the reigning dynasty — the

House of Hanover, — and when the war was over they came to Canada. Poor Flora remarked It has been a sad story for us we fought for the Stuarts at home and for the House of Hanover in America, and we lost in both cases. There is nothing more remarkable in human history than the devotion of the old Highland Scotch Catholics to their old fatherland. But to continue our story of the wild Orangemen, some of them found their way into Canada and they start their old game of quarrelling with the other races. This time, it happened to be French Canadians. Now one of the undesputable facts of history is that while the Ulster Orangemen south of the line of 45 rose in revolt against the Mother-Country, poor abused Jean-Baptiste stuck to his new neighbours and help very much to hold Canada as a part of the Empire. He did the same in 1812. He never got the credit he deserves for these two occasions, and it is time that justice was done where justice is due.

If his attitude was less satisfactory in 1914, much of the blame belongs to the crazy Orangemen and their one school and one language agitation.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

The ordinary way of writing history is to begin at some far distant period and work up towards our own time. Now it often occurred to me that as history gets the less interesting the farther back we go, I would try a little experiment in a new way and work backwards. Now it is not the purpose of this history to work backwards to the creation of the world, the deluge or Exodus of the Children of Israel out of Egypt or that Tragedy in Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago. The period I look back to is however fourteen hundred years ago when the old Roman Empire fell to pieces and hordes of barbarians swarmed over Europe from Asia in three great tranches, — Huns, towards Prussia, Bulgars or Magyars towards Central Europe and Turks towards Asia Minor.

The split in the Christian Church, shortly after it got fairly established into East and West or Greek and Roman, Athanasians and Arians, weakened the resisting powers of the peoples of Europe, so that they became an easey prey to the barbarous invader. The Huns drove the Gothic tribes of Germans west and south and the Goths in their retreat got as far as Rome in the south and the Island of Britain in the west, and that is the real beginning of the Celtic Tragedy.

Notice.—Part 4 will be the beginning of the second edition of the Abolition of British Landlordism, the Root of the Great Economic Evils in the British Isles and various other places.

Part 4. — Price 10c. Subscription $1.00. 4/2 for 10 parts.

The Celtic Tragedy

SALADIN'S BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE DISTURBER OF EUROPE.

GAELIC POEM by DONALD MORRISON.

CELTIC FOLLIES, SAXON ARROGANCE and ORANGE FANATISM, ETC., BY

NORMAN MURRAY

"The more languages a man speaks
the more times he is a man."

NORMAN MURRAY, 233 St. James Street.
MONTREAL

1921

INTRODUCTION.

Some people who knew me in years gone bye seem sometimes puzzled at my present " modus operandi." Some people take me for a Sin Feiner and others for a bigoted Roman Catholic. The fact of the matter is that I am an Imperialist and outside of all denominations that accept the Pentateuch as a part of their confession of Faith or articles. For one reason see Number 31 v. 7 to 18 and Josh. 6 v. 21 to 35. The rest of the debated parts of religion dont bother me in the least. I hate persecution in every form. What gave me the idea of the Celtic Tragedy was the late Mr. Sellar's Tragedy of Quebec of which I sold a large number. That book helped to change my view of many things quite contrary to my esteemed late departed friend's view of things. I came to the conclusion that the boot was on the other foot and that the Celtic people, French, Irish, Scotch and Welsh were the real victims of the Tragedy and not the party that our friend constituted himself a special pleader for.

In the British Empire of 440,000,000, there are supposed to be about 65,000,000 nominal Protestants and not more than 10,000,000 Catholics. Outside of Quebec and Ireland they have no power to persecute even if they tried to. Whole counties of my native country has not a simple native Catholic in it.

MARTIN LUTHER

A very foolish thing happened right here in Montreal, when we were in the heat of the recruiting agitation. A celebration of Luther's 400 anniversary was held in Montreal. All impartial historians agree that the morals of the people of Europe were not elevated by Luther's so called Reformation. It resulted in civil wars all over Europe.

N.-B.— Part 5 will contain an article by myself on Protestantism and decay of Scottish patriotism and fake national societies.

As the cost of printing is now so high donation will be welcome to help to push the work through.

CAMERON'S HIGHLAND CLEARANCES
Price 75c. Postage 10c.
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233 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

SALADIN'S BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE DISTURBER OF EUROPE.

MARTIN LUTHER

(Born 1483. Died 1546. Age 63.)

AN IMPEACHMENT. By SALADIN

Re-printed from *Seculiar Review,* December 22, 1883.

This Protestant England of the "Open Bible" has just recently passed through a fulsome apotheosis of Martin Luther, the German Monk. I have found, from conversation with numerous freethinkers that our party as a rule, have an entirely false impression of the man that grew out of the peasant child, who was born at Eisleven, just four hundred years ago. This misconception as to the real character of "the Monk who shook the world" is less to be wondered at when we remember that the very heavy majority of our party has been recruited from the different Protestant sects who have their sacredly traditional Martin Luther, a very different man from the Martin Luther of verifiable fact. Protestantism blindly regards him as though his laurels as a hero were irradiated by his auriole as a saint. In reality, he has little of the heroic garland and less of the saintly halo. He was a gross-feeding, beer-swilling, ill-educated, coarse-minded grossly-lecherous apostate Monk, only redeemed from dissipated mediocrity by a certain amount of stubborn characterfulness, and rebellious audacity which had not distinguished nobler Heresiarchs like Arius, Nestorius, and Eutyches. He had a large share of humanity's worst failings, and I should feel disposed to allow these to rest lightly on his memory if there was no attempt to make him a demi-god. The best that can be said for him is—he was a man, not, like Calvin, a devil.

The radical doctrine of the Reformation was salvation by faith, not works. In a letter of Martin Luther to Melancthon in 1521, he thus in Latin, which I render in English gives expression to this pestilence and unspeakably demoralizing doctrine:—"Be a sinner and sin boldly; but more boldly believe and hope in Christ, who is the Conqueror of sin and death and the world. It is enough that we acknowledge, through the riches of the glory of God, the Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world; from Him no sin will tear us asunder—no, not

though we committed fornication and murder a thousand times a day''.— This is the ennobling doctrine! to be inculcated by the saint to whom all Protestantism has recently been screaming its Paeans! It is more immoral than the doctrine of indulgence proclaimed by Tetzel at Tuck of Drum. If a holy one committed fornication and murder, say only once a day, he would have required to have paid very heavily to Tetzel for remission; but he could spare his purse by becoming a Lutheran, and wash out the shame of fornication, and the blood off the hands of murder, by simply asserting faith in Jesus-Christ. Reformation, indeed! the watchword of its Hierophant is "Esto Peccator et Pecca Fortiter: — "Be a sinner and sin boldly."

Saint Martin was possessed of an ungovernably bad temper. If he were alive now among those who belaud him they would require to learn to keep at a respectable distance from him, lest, as marks of his Christian lovingkindness, they should have their eyes blackened, or their teeth broken. Whinning Stiggins, in his little Bethel, knows as much about Luther as he does about the Digamma or anything else under the sun. He simply turns up his lack—lustre eyes and whines his platitudinarian prayer to his own placed fettish. He would be as surprised to hear that Luther was an ill-tempered brawler as that he washed baby napkins; and yet we have the brawling vouched for by Melancthon, and the napkin washing by Luther himself. Says Melancthon: "Ab eo sæpe copaphos accepi — I have often received blows from him" (Luther). His blessed Lord flogging the merchants out the Temple with a scourge seems to have afforded an example that was emulated by this disciple of the great master when he whacked poor Melancthon, the mildest of all the reformers.

I have said that Luther evidently considered Christ's row in the Temple worthy of zealous imitation. There was another passage in Holy Writ to which he attached more than ordinary importance, viz: "Multiply and replenish the earth." But, above all, to him the most precious things in the Book of God were the pure and holy words to be found in Hosea i. 2: "Go take unto thee a wife of whoredoms and children of whoredoms." As far as this was concerned, the saint could lay his hand on his heart and say, "Lord, I have kept thy Word." His house at Wittenberg became a harem of run-away nuns. The light of the harem was the cloistered courtesan, Catherine Von Bora, whom he married in defiance of his vows of celibacy,

and who bore a child to him (or some one else) just a fortnight after her marriage with this historic man of God

Her previous paramour was Jerome Baumgartner, another perfidious monk. All the statements I make in this paper can be verified by reference to Audin's "Life of Luther," three vols., and Michelet's work on the same subject, and which was translated into English by William Hazlitt. Protestants are not ignorant of the life of their great "Reformer" because it cannot be known, but because they refuse to know it. My authorities, it will be observed, are not the Reformer's enemies, but nearly exclusively his own "Table Talk" and letters, and the letters of his friends.

But neither marriage nor monogamy was a matter of any importance to this saintly personage. In 1525 he writes to Spalatin: "Indeed, it is a great matter of surprise that I, who write so often about marriage, and who have so much to do with women, have not, myself, long since, become man enough to blab out the fact that I am in no sense married. Nevertheless ,if you want my example, you have a most powerful one, for I have had three wives at a time." Not so many certainly as some of the saints of God have been blessed with, and, perhaps, not enough for so eminent a Christian. Much of his language in regard to women and the sexual relationships are too disgustingly coarse to be recorded anywhere. His notorious sermon on marriage was preached at Wittenberg, in 1522, in the vulgar tongue, to men and women, boys and girls. Compared with this sermon, the Knowlton pamphlet is as a pure vestal virgin to a stale and battered Magdalene. Not only polygamy is allowed, but even polyandria and incest, and the occasional substitution of the maid-servant for the wife in the marital chamber. "I threw Luther over," testifies his friend Erasmus, "from the time that I found his name was a jest and byword in brothels and places of ill-fame." I lately congratulated myself that the maidenhood of Protestant England knew nothing of the obscenities, or anything else, of their Bible. I now further congratulate myself that they call themselves Protestants without knowing what the term really implies, without vexing their stupid little heads and innocent hearts as to what extent their church or chapel owes its origin to light from on high, and how much it owes to the unhallowed light in the eyes of Catherine Von Bora and to the glances of Anne Boleyn, which excited the evil concupiscence of Henry VIII, the Stink-Pot of History, Defender of the Faith, and Head of the Church.

"I came not to bring peace upon the earth, but a sword," were the truest words ever spoken by the "Prince of Peace." Luther dearly loved these words of "the meek and lowly Jesus," and exerted himself powerfully to give them practical effect. How nobly he rivalled David, the man after God's own heart, by supplementing shameless lust with merciless slaughter! How delicious it must have been to him to have prayerfully meditated over such sweet passages as "Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded" (Joshua x. 40). We can well imagine how the drunken saint of the Black Eagle would cherish his "Holy Bible, book divine," when he read how, after all the adult males of Midian had already been slaughtered, the generous and merciful mandate went forth, "Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women and children that have not known man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves" (Numbers xxxi 17-18). So the champion of the "open Bible" was directly instrumental in initating the Peasants' War. He, with inflammatory declamation, piously interlarded with Scriptural quotations, incited the Teutonic Hodge to rise in rebellion against his betters. "Strike," spake he to the peasants, "strike with the flail and the club... I am delighted so far when I see the tyrants trembling." Then, having roused the peasants to armed revolt, he spake thus to the "tyrants:" "Strike, slay, front and rear; nothing is more devilish than sedition: it is a mad dog that bites you if you do not destroy it. There must be no sleep, no patience, no mercy: they are the children of the Devil." The wily saint was thus on the side of both parties, so that, whichever side won, the saint could not be the loser. And, while he was thus drenching the soil of Vaterland with interneeine blood, hounding on plebian against patrician, and patrician against plebian, he was running libidinous riot with his amours, and pushing forward his elicit intrigues with Evan Schonfield, Ursula Von Munsterberg, and Lena, the aunt of his Catherina Von Bora. "He is an extreemly light-hearted man," writes Melancthon. "Long-continued intercourse with them (nuns) has enervated and even inflamed him, for he is a strong and lusty man." The Peasants' War, which he had much to do in initiating, cost Germany 100,000 lives. "Their Blood," writes he, "is

indeed upon my head; but I put it upon the Lord." A Lord is, indeed, exceedingly useful if you can thus jauntily throw upon him the unspeakably terrible blood-guiltiness of having ravaged your native land with steel and fire, and made her soil find red and ghastly graves for 100,000 of her sons. After having inaugurated it, he seems to have given little heed to the abundant harvest reaped by the sword and garnered by Death. He washed his hands of the affair, and left the whole thing on the shoulders of "the Lord." But one thing he did not leave to be carried out by proxy by "the Lord," or any one else; he pursued his lecheries in propria persona. "It" (sexual desire), writes he, "is implanted in nature as much as the necessity of eating or drinking. He who resists this, and will not let nature have her own way, what else does he do but forbid that man should eat, drink, and do the like?

Another Scriptural injunction recommended itself strongly to the acceptance of Martin Luther "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thy often infirmities." He improved upon this text, however, and, instead of "a little wine," he took a good deal of wine at his roistering rendez-vous, the Black Eagle Tavern. Here is a specimen of the advice given by the high priest of Protestantism, and chief apostle of bottles and pettitoats: "Poor Jerome Weller, you have temptations; you must get the better of them. When the Devil comes to you, drink, my friend, drink deeply; make yourself merry, play the fool and sin, in hatred of the Evil One, and to play him a trick. If the Devil say to you, "You surely will not drink?" answer him thus: "I will drink bumpers, because you forbid me; I will drink copious potations in honour of Jesus Christ." All I venture, by way of comment, is, if the drunken Protestant will simply drink "in honour of Jesus Christ," no god, defunct or extant, has, had, or will have, such loyal worship as would be hiccupped or emeticated at the altar of the son of Mary. If boozing and carousing be evidence of the religious sentiment, I feel constrained to admit the depth and potency of that sentiment. Here may possibly be the fons et origo of the Protestant concatenation of Beer and Bible. Of course, prayers should be drawled over potations of split brandy and doxologies intoned to the clank of flagons. Drink deeply, quoth Martin Luther. The Christian "Rock of Ages" should be chanted alternately with the Horatian "Nunc est bibendum," or the well-known

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori" of Golias.

In a letter to that other saintly pillar of Protestantism, Henry VIII of England, Luther calls the monarch "crowned ass," "liar," "varlet," "idiot," and "swine." Here the one saint spake truth of the other; and, of course, very plainly-expressed truths are preferable to polished lies. It is so seldom that we find the historic saints of the Church speaking the truth that it is quite refreshing to behold them warming up into veracity and describing each other as "liars" and "swine."

The high Lothario of Protestantism lived with twenty-three runaway nuns in his house at Wittenberg. By his own acknowledgment, as we have seen, he had three wives at a time. Three of the twenty-three were presumably "wives" and I stop not to inquire how he might have described the remaining twenty. Three wives and twenty — God knows what — all to himself, and only two wives allowed to Philip, Elector of Hesse! Three wives to a parson and only two to a prince! The bigamy of Philip of Hesse was formally authorised by Luther and his compeers in solemn conclave assembled. The fact is, through all his barggadocio the saint was a crafty and truckling coward. He felt that, in spite of "the ever-lasting arms" being around him, he would be nowhere without the protection of the pikemen of the Elector of Hesse: and so he would have allowed the Elector any number of wives for a certain number of spears-plain spears of ash and steel, which, somehow, are always required, even in the case of saints, to supplement the hilt and blade of "the sword of the spirit."

I have preferred the soft impeachment that "Divus et Sanctus, Dr Martin Luther," was a crafty and truckling coward. It seems to me that his attitude towards Pope Leo X would warrant stronger expletives if they could conveniently suggest themselves. He had two distinct faces, and both of them ugly ones. He had one face for his cronies, the drunken and apostate monks at the Black Eagle, and quite another for his Holiness at Rome. "And now, most Holy Father,' writes he to the Pope, "I solemnly declare, before God and every living thing, that I have never wished, and do not now wish, in any way to touch, or by subtlety to shake, the power of the Roman Church and of your Holiness: so far from it, I most fully confess that the power of the Church is above all things, and that there is none other greater in heaven or on earth save only Christ Jesus, the Lord of All."

Adieu to Martin Luther, a choice specimen of the Christ-

ian saint. Sound be his sleep under the flagstones in the old Church of All the Saints, and which he had plasphemously nicknamed the "Church of All the Devils."

THE POET BEWAILS THE EXODUS AND DEGENERACY OF THE RISING GENERATION IN THE LEWIS COLONY IN QUEBEC.

ORAN AIR TOLSTA, UINSLO.

Le Domhnul Morriston.

Cha seinn mi 'n diubh dhuibh oran
  Mar ni cuid de'n oig mu'n cuart,
'S ann a bhis e dhuibh mar stori
  Gun moran ann ach fuam.
Ach cha'n ann le u uail sil na morchuis
  A thoisich me air duan,
Ach a d'h innseadh dhuibh cho gorach
  Bha me fein 'us tò do'n sluagh.

Gur e ur cruas 's ur N' aineolas,
  Nach d'ainig sinn gu Criosd,
Nuair a bha E anns a bhail so
O chean cor's fichead bliadhna.
'Nuair a dhiompaicheadh 'r 'n aithreach-an
  Gach neach air a robh mian,
A chaidh go saibhailt dhachaidh
  'S a bhuain a steach gu baile dian.

Tha diubhur mor an tra so
  'S mar bha 'n aite ri mo linn s'
Bha 'n uairai sin duaine cairdeal ann
  'S gras braitheal annta mar chlainn.
Bhidh 'n connaidh coinnibh shabaid aca
  Is Patric go bhi seinn,
Bu bhille leam s'ri eisdeach e
  Na eoin na'n speir 's choil.

'S ged tha mi bochd gun m'iompachadh
Tha mi ri 'g ionndrain tor
Na seanairean a bha again 'n so
A chaidh dhachaidh uain gu gloir.
'S bha again 'n so mu dheireadh
Iain Bess's Mac Dhomhuil Oig,
'S ged bha cuid ri gearain orra
Bu mhaith an diubh an seorsa.

Bho dhalbh iad thainig dorchudas
Air Tolsta a bha mor
Cha 'n eirich grian na slainte
Tha I'n diu a dol fo neol.
Thug Criosd bh'uain a lathaireachd
'S ghràs do cheil E orne
Ach dhfag E Maois 's faithean
'S Dhasan gu 'm bhi ghloir.

Ach saolaidh mi gu bheil Satan
Anns 'n aite ruidh mu'n cuart,
A feachain ri bhi taladh
Na tharais E do'n sluagh.
'S gun d'fhuair E nis mar Pharaoh
'S 'n cridhe air fas cho cruaidh
'S eagal leam gu'm bathair iad
Mur tar iad tro 'nMuir Ruadh.

Tha diomadh Dhe's a chorruiah ruinn
Fho thinn a steach na bliadhna
Bho thugadh an tigh agoil bhuain,
Gu danns le clann gu'n chial.
An teampul bha 'g 'r 'n aithreachan
Ga chumal mar thigh Dhia.
A'g urnuigh ris an Athair ann
'S tagar air son Chrioad.

Ach tha mi nis bho iomraidh
Gu'n do thog E iomraich bh' inn
'S gur ann a thug E dhachaidh
No bha 'n a so do shluadh
'S nach dean an còr dhaibh ai threachas
An tus d'an an uaigh
Gu'n duisg iad aig an aseiridh
'S na laisrichean bi bhuan.

Ma tha neach dhibh a thuair eolas
  Air oir dhearcas an Uain
Cha mhor a ni iad dhomsa
  Gu ma sheoladh gu dol suas.
Nuair bu chor dha bhi na bhron dhaibh
  'S na deòr bhi air an gruaidh
Ga'm fhaicean se cho feolmhor
  Gun dochus aca bho 'n uaigh.

Cha'n faic mi mar a b' abhaist
  Na braithrean ri tin cruinn
Cha'n faic mi coinnebh Shàbaid aca
  Agus go brach cha chluinn.
'S cha chluinn mi ann guth Patric,
  Ga 'm abhaist bhi cho binn,
Ri cuag air A ' mhotaich
  Na ri smeòrach annus a choil.

Oh nach e sinne a chail na Criosdaidhean
  MacIovair 's Tormaid Gre'hem,
A bha again mar luchd riaghlaidh 'n so
  A cur rian air cach gu leir.
Bha efachd anns an urnuigh aca
  Bha 'n druchd tinn orra o nèibh
'S bu chridhe cruaidh nach druighead air
  Ri urnaidh Thormaid Ghrehem.

Bha peacadh chaich mar churam air
  'S bu tric a shuil bho dheòir
'N uiair bhidh a 'n ceann na h-urnuigh
  Bhiodh suil dig air an oige.
'S ged bha iad leis mi churamach
  Bha ghurachd S' dhiobh mor
Air son antoirt gu aithreachas
  'S 'n cuirse a thoird ghaibh gu gloir

MacIobhair bha a seachad
  Air na braithean dhomh gu leir
Thaobh gifte mhath gu labhairt
  'S bha bhreanachadh da r'eir.
'S bho 'n a chaidh a bhreannachadh
  Gu labhair Focal Dhe,
Bha theagaist ceart cho falain dhomh
  Ri neach bha anns a' chlèir.

Ach dh' falbh na daoine ciallach sin
'S na Criosdaidhean a b' fhear
Cha'n eil ach an Tighern ann
A lionais dhuinn an àite.
Ach s' E sin a tha ri rialadh
'S urrain cial a thoirt do chach
'S cha mhor e as a mhiorbhail ean
A chrionach thoirt gu fàs.

Ach squiridh mi do m' òran nis
An dòchus gu'n dean bliadhna,
Atharachadh mòr ann a so
'S tòr a toihrt gu'n cial.
'S ma theid iad na n-orduighean
A thithead 's ghol an fhion,
Gu'n aithneacheadh an luchd eòlais orra
Gu'm beil an coir 'n Criosd.

LECTURE GIVEN BY NORMAN MURRAY
to the
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
Montreal, January 23rd, 1921.

THE CELTIC TRAGEDY — THE HUMAN TRAGEDY

The whole of animated nature is a series of tragedies. A sympathetic nature gets a touch of sadness at the sight of a faded or decayed rose thrown into the gutter or trampled under foot. A little fly caught in a spider's net is a tragedy to the fly. Robert Burns saw enough tragedy in a little field mouse and her little house turned up by the plough to set him thinking and compose one of his most touching poems on it. The higher in the scale of life we go the more impression misfortune makes on us. The despair of a loving mother at the death of her little child can never be forgotten by any sympathetic soul who has ever observed it. Then there is a tragedy of the foolish virgin who loved not wisely but too well. There have been innumerable tragedies of whole families out down by plagues. Many Kings have been executed and others have wandered about without a home. Who can fathom the tragedy of the Man of Sorrows on Calvary; the Divine teacher of love

and kindness nailed to a wooden cross. We have the tragedy of the good Socrates, Ceaser, Cicero, Seneca, Boethius and Sir Thomas More. The numbers of martyrs who suffered death in various ways for propagating ideas they believed in would make a much larger book than the last Montreal Directory. Saddest of all we have the tragedies of whole nations either exterminated or scattered all over the earth. We have the tragedy of the Hebrews wandering, according to their own history, for thousands of years without a home; and then we have the tragedy of the nations, they are said to have exterminated and taken possession of their land. Then we have the tragedies of Civil Wars and wars between rival nations. Greece, the Mother of European culture, was conquered by Rome. The slaughter of human beings before Rome became the dominant power in Europe must have been terrible. Sadder still the tragedies of the Wars of Religion in Europe for nearly two thousands years. Germany has suffered more than any country in Europe in the thirty years war, between Protestants and Catholics, 1816 to 1648, when it is stated the German population was reduced from thirty to twelve millions. Then we have the tragedies of the Indians and the Black Races. Naturally however we ought to be more interested in the tragedies of our own race than any other, so we come, more particularly to the tragedies of the Celtic Race, the original people of France and the British Isles.

The origin of the peoples of Europe is hidden in a mist beyond the dawn of history. The history of the Celtic Race is one of the saddest in the world's history. At one time they inhabited Gaul, the North of Spain and the whole of the British Isles. They had a culture of their own and are acknowledged by ancient authors to have been the founders of the ancient philosophies of Europe, and to have been the first to have discovered the art of melting iron ore.

OLD GAUL.

The downfall of the great Roman Empire at the end of the fifth century, was in one sense as great a tragedy as the last great War, only that the population of Europe was less then, than it is now. The same people that caused the present world upheavel, caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. They were known as Barbarians by their more cultured neighbours—the Greeks and Romans. They were more successful then than they were in their last effort. Europe had learned by sore experience

the danger of German supremacy an dthey had enough sense to ally thesmelves together against the common enemy. The great misfortune of the Celtic Race always has been their own inability to unite fo rany common purpose. If they had united then with the Roman Empire, they would no doubt have been able to drive back the Germans to their homes. Another factor in the tragedy was, that the Germans themselves, were driven from their homes by a stronger and more war like Race—the Huns from the Highlands of China. The Germans then played the same game on others, less warlike than themselves. The Franks got the upper hand in Gaul and changed the name of "Old Gaul" to their own name. They called it France—the land of the Franks. The Angles and Saxons about the same time invaded Britain.

THE SAXON INVASION OF BRITAIN.

Most historians agree that the British Celts of the South invited the Angles and Saxons to help them in their quarrels with their neighbours from the North. Always the same old folly that had been the ruin of the Celtic people all down the ages. They found their mistake when it was too late. Let me quote the English historian Green's account of this Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britain. It has no parallel in Europe, except the thirty years civil war in Germany, 1618 to 1648. "For the Fatherland of the English Race, we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth Century the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula, which parts the Baltic from the Northern Seas. It is hardly necessary to argue that they were a German tribe, as the only language they knew when they came to Britain was German. For all practical historical purposes Angles and Saxons were synonimous terms. Angles and Saxons by degrees became so mixed that no one could tell for a certainty whether he was of Angle or Saxon origin—so a convenient compromise was made and these invadors of Britain came to be called English or Anglo-Saxons." Green's great delusion was that these German invadors were the creators of the British Empire. The Empire was built by a compromise and amalgamation of races of which German races by their lack of sympathy were never capable. The

Normans and Celts rather than the German invaders, not only laid the corner stone, but were the chief builders of the British Empire. A people incapable of learning other people's language, are never ideal Empire builders. Welsh, Irish, Scotch and French can and do learn English—but how many English of German origin can speak Welsh, Irish or Scotch, Gaelic or French. Now let us hear further John Richard Green's account of the conquest of Britain by the German tribes of Angles ,Saxons and Jutes—daylight robbers. He is quite honest about it. He does not seem to be the least shocked by the horrible deeds which he records.

" The Victory of Aylesford did more than give East Kent to the English, it struck the key note of the English conquest of Britain. The massacre which followed the battle indicated at once the merciless nature of the struggle which had commenced. While the wealthiest Kentish farmers fled in panic overseas to Armorica or Britanny, the poorer Britons tooke refuge in hill and forest, until, hunger drove them from their lurking places to be cut down or enslaved by their conquerors. It was in vain that some sought shelter between the walls of their churches, for the rage of the English seems to have burnt fiercest against the Clergy. The Priests were slain at the alter —the churches fired—the peasants driven by the flames to fling themselves on a ring of pitiless steel. It is a picture such as this which distinguishes the conquest of Gaul by the Frank, of Italy by the Lombard proved little more than a forcible settlement of the one conqueror or other among tributary subjects, who were destined in a long course of ages to absorb their conquerors. French is the tongue not of the Franks but of the Gaul whom he overcame and the fair hair of the Lombard is all but unknown in Lombardy. But the English conquest was a sheer dispossession and slaughter of the people whom the English conquered. In all the world struggle between Rome and the German invaders, no land was so subbornly fought for or so hardly won. The conquest of Britain was indeed only partly wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare. But it was just through the long and merciless nature of the struggle, that of all the German conquests this proved the most thorough and complete. At its close Britain had become England, a land that is not of Britons, but of Englishmen. It is possible that a few of the vanquished people may have lingered as slaves around the homesteads of their English conquerors, and a few of the household words (if these were not brought

in at a later time) mingled oddly with the English tongue. But doubtful exceptions, such as these leave the main fact untouched. When the steady progress of the English conquest was stayed for a while by Civil Wars, a century and a half after Aylesford, the Briton had disappeared from the land which has been his own and the tongue, the laws and religion of the English conquerors reigned without a rival from Essex to the Severn and from the British channel to the Firth of Forth—but no further thank God." Such is the testimony of one of the standard historians of the British people. He has made some mistakes however. All Britain is not England yet and it is not likely ever to become all English, and though a desperate effort has been made for a long time to make England mean Britain, the attempt has absolutely failed. Our great Empire is not English — it is British. Our Army is not an English Army—it is a British Army. The Premier of the British Isles is not an Angle or a Saxon. He is a Welsh speaking Celt. The pioneers and makers of Canada have been French and Scottish Celts and not Angles or Saxons. The latest tragedy is in Ireland. Like the foolish Celts of South Britain, one faction of the Irish asked the English King, Henry II for help against another Irish faction, and Henry sent over Strong Bow with an Army, and they have stayed there ever since and are likely to continue so. Now I am not going to discuss the present situation in Ireland. I do not sympathise with either the Orange or the Sinn-Fein methods — but I am going to dig a little at the root of the trouble. My sympathies are certainly more with the Celtic element than with the other element, though I am of the opinion that they are going the wrong way about getting justice. In fact, they seem losing a spoonful trying to lick the back of it.

What I believe in is a general constitutional revolution to sweep away the whole land aristocracy in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, all of which can be done without shedding one drop of blood, if the people go the right way about it. The treatment of the Irish natives by the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy has been cruel and abominable, but they did the same thing in England and Scotland. They were quite impartial about it. The Land laws in England itself is still worse than it is in Ireland. The Irish having been the more recent sufferers, their hardships are better known to the public. The more ef-

(To be continued on Part V)..